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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME 1 — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1925 — NUMBER 23

1925

DATES have their mysteries even as men, and indeed because of them. Who guessed on the eve of 1809 that it was to be an Annus Mirabilis in literary history? What happening was there of 1564, of 1667, of 1798, of [illegible], and the lurid 1890s? Is it likely that freshmen will have to memorize 1925?

Why is one decade vivid and artistic and creative, and another stale and flat and commonplace? Can a man be born at the wrong time and fail because of it? Can a time bring in men to make use of it? The current runs strongly just now toward environment instead of Fate, Genius, God, we look to Economic Conditions, Natural Selection, and Education as great first causes. "In gold we trust" is the new motto.

A literary flourishing in 1925 is an impossibility. A man of genius, with a face like a Greek god, whose lines rolled upon waves of emotion to the western world, causing men to think, feel differently, dress differently; who could companion himself only with Nature, the Alps; the thunderer whose presence would make even the cynical Stendhal tremble when he sat in La Scala at Milan!—we will not see him even now, and if they begin to expand, we will not see them. Mrs. Leigh Hunt, with precocious realism, said that his picture looked like a schoolboy who had been offered a bun without raisins. His last biographer, Roger Boutet de Monvel, accuses his subject of being a parvenu, awkward in good society, never sure of himself. Literary criticism agrees that he blustered. And yet his "delusion of greatness" raised the temperature of a generation.

Lord Byron, to be born in 1925, is by no means impossible. The sense of personal greatness, which our statesmen of the last war, Wilson excepted, so conspicuously lacked, flows like energy in and out of literature on inexplicable tides. It does not depend upon the psychology of the multitude. A Charles Lamb would have a success at this moment which would make his Victorian triumphs fade. Germany would rise to a Goethe. Napoleon has only to come again. This generation is as ready as any other to play Follow the Leader.

The difficulty is that creative energy itself is different. Megalomania has lodged in second-class minds, and one hears chiefly of Napoleons of education and captains of industry who improve chemical processes. Few men and women of first-class intellectual ability and first-rate spiritual attitude feel the compulsion to be great.

When one considers the havoc in civilization made by would-be greatness, one is tempted to be thankful. The cock-a-mighties in literature have been more devastating than the ignorant. But if the romantic afflatus leads to absurdity, the pinched little-mindedness which inspires the Middle Western novel or the [illegible] of Shavianism or that tragedy of the commonplace which is the theme of so much drama and fiction are themselves only passing phases of the human spirit. We dispose of all the heroes—Napoleon a political minx, Charlemagne a dull barbarian, Joan of Arc a neurotic, Shakespeare an intellectual thief of brains, Tennyson a *vox praeterea nihil*, and then, in 1925, a child is born—

[illegible] him, even [illegible] (if this [illegible] turn aw[illegible]l, w[illegible] change and recurrence.

Midwinter

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

BLACK frost; owls hoot in the dark;
No wind; not a leaf falls.
I hear death creeping
Somewhere beyond these walls.

Books glimmer about the room;
Backs draped in golden shawls.
There is no reason I should find my doom;
Death calls.

What is death like to look upon?
A tall grey horse with a shadow slanting
Heavily over his back?

Or a beggarwoman panting,
Eyes fixed; lips haggard and drawn;
Fingers fumbling at a sack?

This Week

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"Sard Harker." By *Christopher Ward.*

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Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
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begins to be possible once more to look at the heavens and say "that is my star," to look at the earth and say as did those earlier fools of genius, "there is my destiny," would make a difference. Environment he will use as Napoleon used armies. Economic conditions he will not depend upon quite so much as we who did not look behind the stock market. Glands he will have, or get what he needs of them. And long after 1925 another Carlyle will write another "Heroes and Hero Worship" to prove that it is great men who make history; and then, when the crop of great men fails once more, some later scholar will demolish neo-Carlyle and prove that it was all glands and environment!

But if 1925 is to give birth to a literary hero, there will still be some years before his consciousness becomes more than lacteal. That is fortunate, since it is hard to see much sense or illusion or delusion of greatness abroad at this moment. The fashionable illusion now is of Importance, a very different thing, with different effects, and a habit of inflating the second-rate while genius shrinks to unimportance. And perhaps the root of the whole matter is that in some vigorous ages the baptism, as in France's "Penguin Island" goes on the wrong heads, and every one prospers but the truly great. Some critic, born in 1925, may be able to say more because he will have seen more. There are two certainties in history, change and recurrence.

Lyrical Mr. George Moore

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE Pure Poetry* collected with a preface by Mr. George Moore, beautifully made by the Nonesuch Press, came to me entirely unexpected in the morning's mail. I had seen no advance notices of such an anthology; my surprise was complete and my speculation aroused. What I had to do that morning I forget, but I put it aside and at once read what Mr. Moore called The Thesis. I read it rapidly, with an increasing pleasure, and, before I explored among the actual poems, I sat a long while lost in thought. The truth was I hadn't suspected Mr. Moore of such an interest: it had never occurred to me that, as a child, he could have impassionately begged his mother and then his father to permit him to read to them the Shelley of "The Sensitive Plant."

His mother, it would appear, was mildly touched, but his father proved less amenable, substituting, for little George's consideration, "Queen Mab," and then persuading his son of the great merits of Coleridge. "Father," George cries, "how beautiful! But——"

This, as I have already admitted, I was unprepared for. However, the astonishment soon subsided before the realization that the particular thesis of, where Mr. Moore was concerned, the poems included was extremely able; it seemed to me that what it said was so. Poetry, it proceeded, was diluted, lost, by thought; thought shifted, changed its forms and convictions; it was not valid beyond very short reaches of time: pure poetry was the poetry of things. And, in support of this, the lyrics of Shakespeare were mentioned. Happy example! And, dwelling upon it, I had that reassuring feeling of recognition, the result of a perfect accord between a paragraph and its reader. It caught up, reiterated, convictions of my own.

Still indifferent to my mail, to what I should have done, I tried to find if Mr. Moore's thesis would include all the poems which for a long while, thirty years, perhaps, had been a part of my being, and it became clear to me that it would. The poetry I infinitely preferred was almost wholly pastoral; a perfect example was "The Scholar Gipsy." There was no end to the deep delight I had from it—the far view of Oxford, the shining weirs, the soft-falling snow at dusk, . . . yes, that, for me, was perfection. Yet, in the poem, something had happened to the actual physical facts: the pictures were part of a sustained mood, they had been woven into a beauty of suggestion, of significance, totally lacking in the natural scene.

I had walked through many snow storms at dusk, and I had been damned wet and uncomfortable; I had been by shining water at magical moments of the day, and swarms of infernal gnats had made me unsupportably miserable. And then, at other times, before views of only moderate charm, I had been saturated with the transcendent magic held for me by "The Scholar Gipsy." Mr. Moore, where I was concerned, was right—the poetry of things was in essence pure poetry. But what, in the name of God, was it poets did with things? I didn't, I didn't quite, know; and Mr. Moore, in his Thesis, had just failed to make it entirely plain to me.

If I had been asked that question at, say, a small and ingratiating dinner, at precisely the right moment in the progress of the champagne, by precisely the right individual, I could have answered it very

*PURE POETRY. By GEORGE MOORE. London: Nonesuch Press.

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convincingly . . . to her. But not [illegible]d, to myself. I should have said tha[illegible]k its beauty, for poetry, in its associati[illegible] long struggles and hopes of man; that [illegible]ound the Dower House, in Pennsylvani[illegible]utiful for the purposes of pure poetry through [illegible]o centuries of constant tilling; and that the small tangled wild of the Welsh Mountains, rising beyond the profound serenity of the Chester Valley, was not the material of fine poetry at all.

Mr. Moore added that what, now, was needed was not a more instructed poetry, but an innocency of vision; and again, of course, he was right; and again the secret, the magic, evaded its definition. Innocency of vision was the property of, equally, Wordsworth and Blake and Shakespeare; all had such an invaluable poetic quality, such a fixed quality, in common. But what, after all, was it, and how there was that great trio one?

The poem by Walter de la Mare beginning "'Come,' says old Shellover," is as simple as "Where the bee sucks"; it is as innocent; but what, really, I meant by this I had searched for a thousand times and in vain. Was, in addition to the spirit, a simple and perfect verse form innocent? Would the spirit, in a variety of immaculate conception, create the just form in the fibre of the spirit? I wonder. Mr. Moore admitted that, as he grew older, his taste in art purified. Did it, then, grow more innocent?

I had written a great many words, through a not inconsiderable period of years, and not, I may at least say, thoughtlessly; but as they multiplied I was not increasingly impressed by their power to explain the few things that it was important to understand. Not long back it began to look as though a new school of science, a new cold informed attack, would explain the essence, the springs, of poetry; the old vague sentimental symbols were to be all swept away; poetry, too, would be related to the actual, the ponderable, body, to the health, really; but that ambitious, and disturbing, development had not arrived.

Magic, it appeared, was magic still; and, as I wrote that line, I reflected that Miss McLeary, when she came to setting my disintegrating writing into type, would point out to me that, in such a short paper, I had repeated the word magic too often. It, and it only, in all the places where it occurred was what I meant. But what, altogether, it meant . . . however, this was morning and not a dinner, there was no champagne, no lovely individual to be charmed by adroit definitions.

What, perhaps, a little unsettled me was the confidence and precision of Mr. Moore's opinions; and, specially, the beautiful tenacity of his memory. That report of himself as a child, failing to be moved by the lady's curl in "Cristobel," but almost overcome by the high dancing of one last red leaf! And Walter de la Mare's memory, too—there is a dialogue between Walter de la Mare and Mr. Moore in The Thesis—that, as well, was amazing; even more spectacular, it may be, in the instant reciting of a not unelaborate poem which couldn't have been at the forefront of his consciousness.

* * *

In the third division of his introduction, removing from the dining-room to the drawing-room—where it occurred to Mr. Moore the coffee might be served—he left the immediate subject of pure poetry to dwell momentarily on Arnold Bennett and the painters, Velasquez and Franz Hals. From Hals he progressed to Courbet and from Courbet, inevitably, to Manet and springtime, his own as well as the May of the Impressionists. And that brought me back to my own youth and memories—my present convictions were their inadequate souvenirs—of poetry.

The poetry of things as opposed to a poetry of thought; yes—I believed firmly in the former; and I reflected that, a few evenings before, at Whitemarsh Hall, when Mr. Newton had read a paper on Shelley, I had early found the same difficulty with Shelley that I now experienced with the strictly contemporary young men—they were diluted by thought, reasonable deductions, plans for either the rehabilitation or destruction of society. I thought again, there: what would happen to poets, and to the writers of imaginative prose, if the world were definitely saved and made the dwelling of a flawless justice.

I recognized, of course, that everyone, practically, would sacrifice all the poets and novelists ever heard of in the interest of his own security; but I was speaking, undoubtedly selfishly, as a writer. I was thoroughly accustomed to writi[illegible]'t think of anything else to do; I needed subjects and s[illegible] jects needed agony and suspense and longing, [illegible] jects positively demanded injustice; and, rea[illegible] Shelley in his Utopian mood, I first lost the se[illegible] of pure poetry and then put him aside with the r[illegible] ization that at best, or worst, it could not come [illegible]

By the poetry of things Mr. Moore meant [illegible] poetry of man's relationship to the actual worl[illegible] his brief activities, the surrounding colored air, [illegible] trees and hills and barnyards; but he meant, to[illegible] fairy world, the world of "Come unto these yel[illegible] sands." The plane of actuality and the plan[illegible] fancy, both unrelated to social or moral causes [illegible] beliefs as ends. As ends! That, at last, signified something to me: Savonarola, for example, was superb poetry regarded objectively, but any identification with his purpose in Florence, any commitment to the impersonal validity of his sheer hope, would be poetic suicide.

It came to this, that pure poetry called up deep memories, recognitions, racially old instincts and infinitely repeated habits. A thing done and done and done again became not only an inherited memory but beautiful; this, I mean, happened to the simple acts, the things, of living—ploughing the April fields, the flowers that were the sign of April, the scarlet leaves that were the mark of autumn. They were bound into man's existence; and when he saw them, in fact or in poetry, his heart was stirred; here, once more, was the freshness of his youth, the reflective melancholy of his particular inescapable October.

To Mr. H. L. Mencken, for illustration, love was a ridiculous comedy; that was the attitude of a highly civilized critical mind; but to poetry, to pure poetry, love was not ridiculous; it was the oldest of all forces, and it touched men, when they were young, with a divine delusion; that beauty and the sense of power in their hearts was at once mythical and real; but to them, to poetry, it was a miraculous fact.

The poetry itself, Mr. George Moore's selections, was almost, for me, faultless. And what instantly engaged me was the difference in its spirit from the spirit of "Come Hither," the anthology of English poetry made so lately by Walter de la Mare. There was, speaking very broadly, an air of autumn about "Come Hither" and of spring in this "Pure Poetry." I may have felt that because of the entrancing lines to Mistress Isabel Pennell with which Mr. Moore opens his selections:

Isabel,
Reflaring rosabel,
The fragrant caramel,
The ruddy rosary,
The sovereign rosemary,
The pretty strawberry,
The columbine, the nepte,
The ieloffer well set,
The proper violet.

A poem all fragrance and delicate color. And then Shakespeare:

Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;

And:

Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer,
Cry, cock-a-diddle dow.

The purest and most magical of poetry.

Thomas Campion follows, with ". . . youthful revels, masks, and courtly sights." And another Thomas, Dekker, sweeps forward with, "Haymakers, rakers, reapers and mowers." The Summer-Queen, in eglantine bowers, is dressed with musk-rose, and yellow flowers are strewed over the village green. The charm of "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn" I almost entirely missed, even with its golden vial to hold two crystal tears; and there was, for me, a great deal of Blake. No, after "The Fawn" my sharpest interest faded—the earlier poems, the older, were the best . . . a tranquil loveliness imperceptibly drifting away.

Yet John Clare—I was in total ignorance of him—captured a vanishing beauty in Clock-a-Clay:

In the cowslip pips I lie,
Hidden from the buzzing fly,
While green grass beneath me lies,
Pearled with dew like fishes' eyes,
Here I lie, a clock-a-clay,
Waiting for the time of day.

Yes, and the "Mariana" of Lord Tenny[illegible]

[illegible] where [illegible] the aga[illegible]
'Helen[illegible]
lish po[illegible] to be clear to [illegible]
time so[illegible]ch in the [illegible]
ngs about s[illegible]nd the weather, and [illegible]
omely comm[illegible] In the Eighteenth Century they became [illegible], or was it only polite; and later they grew into theories, experiments; and later again—or they had that sound to me—epileptic. But there was none of that in Mr. Moore's collection; a tall slender grey book with a fine page, a warm fine paper; and in it was a great deal that life had lost, principally a rude animal physical simplicity, immensely grateful to experience, in memory and in poetry, in a very different and intricate, an unhappily hastened, time.

On Flittermice

THE LIFE OF THE BAT. By CHARLES DERENNES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE.

TO the author and to the reviewer and to the reader there flashes out, now and then, a spark like a beam of ultra violet light in a darkened laboratory: a title, an introductory sentence, a paragraph, a short story, more rarely a whole volume. One of each of these comes to mind—a quartet of unforgetables: "The Troublesomeness of Bulbuls," "It was late afternoon in the Stone Age," "The Jest of the Gods," and "A White Night."

Charles Derennes has written a small volume which Louise Collier Willcox has translated as "The Life of the Bat." I had read not more than half a dozen pages when I looked up anxiously at my shelf of shelves, and to my relief saw that a small space existed between "Here are Ladies" and "The Sea and the Jungle." Someone had removed one of my Immortals and into this crevice Derennes's book should go. He would not be lonely, for farther down the row were two more Frenchmen, Levick's "Penguins" and Claudel's "Connaissance de l'Est."

"The Life of the Bat" is no book [illegible] viewer. The only satisfactory way t[illegible] would be to run it complete as a serial. [illegible] advantage of many readers in coming to [illegible] predisposed in favor of bats. Like all [illegible] in life their mystery is a potent lure. I h[illegible] learn of the intimate life of vampire[illegible] succeeded only in the most obvious exte[illegible] rennes here makes clear much of the st[illegible] ence of the common house bat, and i[illegible] which compels a second and a third read[illegible] vivid similes distract with delight, and [illegible] and apt diction of Miss Willcox leavens the core [illegible] actual facts. I find that my successive readings ar[illegible] dominated in turn by emotions literary, etymological and chiropteristic.

The author explains on page five that "By dint of watching the ways of the stars, I noticed the existence of bats." The volume is the result of years of patient watching, sometimes taming the little flittermice, sometimes listening to their chatter beneath the eaves. Mothers and babies were gently and kindly cared for and their ways accurately and charmingly transcribed.

Like a nurse in a well-to-do family, enveloped in a cape so that she may nurse the baby in its folds without displaying her charms too much, so Noctu, really seated in the corner of the manger, dispensed the nourishment fr[illegible] her own body, under the shelter of her great, stret[illegible] hand, which she folded like a veil over the touc[illegible] sacred mystery.

Now and then the scientist relaxes and tu[illegible] folk lore.

Old Gebracque lived on the road by the cemetery five hundred metres north of the garden of Old Pile. All the neighbors pretended that she was descended from a family of witches, and I would have taken great care not to contradict this because I was only fifteen years old and she was hardly ninety, and had begun to believe in her own stories from the very moment when, without laughing at them or denying them, I amused myself by discussing them critically with her. Thus I came to know that the sky in full daylight was full of enormous bats, invisible because they were the color of the sky and the sun, and it w[illegible] they who employed witches to go at night and join the[illegible] kind in such and such sinister places. As for the bats that the eyes of ordinary men saw at twilight, they were not[illegible] ing but the diminished shadows of the real bats used by witches, which were the color of the sun and sky.

Fabre [illegible] thing so[illegible]
Thore[illegible]ous, nor
s a th[illegible]fying b[illegible]
to Cha[illegible]s and [illegible]

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convincingly . . . to her: But no[illegible]id, to myself. I should have said th[illegible]k its beauty, for poetry, in its associa[illegible] long struggles and hopes of man; tha[illegible] around the Dower House, in Pennsylva[illegible], were beautiful for the purposes of pure poetry through two centuries of constant tilling; and that the small tangled wild of the Welsh Mountains, rising beyond the profound serenity of the Chester Valley, was not the material of fine poetry at all.

Mr. Moore added that what, now, was needed was not a more instructed poetry, but an innocency of vision; and again, of course, he was right; and again the secret, the magic, evaded its definition. Innocency of vision was the property of, equally, Wordsworth and Blake and Shakespeare; all had such an invaluable poetic quality, such a fixed quality, in common. But what, after all, was it, and how there was that great trio one?

The poem by Walter de la Mare beginning "'Come,' says old Shellover," is as simple as "Where the bee sucks"; it is as innocent; but what, really, I meant by this I had searched for a thousand times and in vain. Was, in addition to the spirit, a simple and perfect verse form innocent? Would the spirit, in a variety of immaculate conception, create the just form in the fibre of the spirit? I wonder. Mr. Moore admitted that, as he grew older, his taste in art purified. Did it, then, grow more innocent?

I had written a great many words, through a not inconsiderable period of years, and not, I may at least say, thoughtlessly; but as they multiplied I was not increasingly impressed by their power to explain the few things that it was important to understand. Not long back it began to look as though a new school of science, a new cold informed attack, would explain the essence, the springs, of poetry; the old vague sentimental symbols were to be all swept away; poetry, too, would be related to the actual, the ponderable, body, to the health, really; but that ambitious, and disturbing, development had not arrived.

Magic, it appeared, was magic still; and, as I wrote that line, I reflected that Miss McLeary, when she came to setting my disintegrating writing into type, would point out to me that, in such a short paper, I had repeated the word magic too often. It, and it only, in all the places where it occurred was what I meant. But what, altogether, it meant . . . however, this was morning and not a dinner, there was no champagne, no lovely individual to be charmed by adroit definitions.

What, perhaps, a little unsettled me was the confidence and precision of Mr. Moore's opinions; and, specially, the beautiful tenacity of his memory. That report of himself as a child, failing to be moved by the lady's curl in "Cristobel," but almost overcome by the high dancing of one last red leaf! And Walter de la Mare's memory, too—there is a dialogue between Walter de la Mare and Mr. Moore in The Thesis—that, as well, was amazing; even more spectacular, it may be, in the instant reciting of a not unelaborate poem which couldn't have been at the forefront of his consciousness.

* * *

In the third division of his introduction, removing from the dining-room to the drawing-room—where it occurred to Mr. Moore the coffee might be served—he left the immediate subject of pure poetry to dwell momentarily on Arnold Bennett and the painters, Velasquez and Franz Hals. From Hals he progressed to Courbet and from Courbet, inevitably, to Manet and springtime, his own as well as the May of the Impressionists. And that brought me back to my own youth and memories—my present convictions were their inadequate souvenirs—of poetry.

The poetry of things as opposed to a poetry of thought; yes—I believed firmly in the former; and I reflected that, a few evenings before, at Whitemarsh Hall, when Mr. Newton had read a paper on Shelley, I had early found the same difficulty with Shelley that I now experienced with the strictly contemporary young men—they were diluted by thought, reasonable deductions, plans for either the rehabilitation or destruction of society. I thought again, there: what would happen to poets, and to the writers of imaginative prose, if the world were definitely saved and made the dwelling of a flawless justice.

I recognized, of course, that everyone, practically, would sacrifice all the poets and novelists ever heard of in the interest of his own security; but I was [illegible]ng, undoubtedly selfishly, as a writer. I was [illegible]ghly accustomed to writing, I couldn't think of anything else to do; I needed subjects and subjects needed agony and suspense and longing, subjects positively demanded injustice; and, re[illegible] Shelley in his Utopian mood, I first lost the se[illegible] of pure poetry and then put him aside with the r[illegible]ization that at best, or worst, it could not co[illegible]

By the poetry of things Mr. Moore meant the poetry of man's relationship to the actual world of his brief activities, the surrounding colored air, the trees and hills and barnyards; but he meant, too, a fairy world, the world of "Come unto these yellow sands." The plane of actuality and the plane of fancy, both unrelated to social or moral causes and beliefs as ends. As ends! That, at last, signified something to me: Savonarola, for example, was superb poetry regarded objectively, but any identification with his purpose in Florence, any commitment to the impersonal validity of his sheer hope, would be poetic suicide.

It came to this, that pure poetry called up deep memories, recognitions, racially old instincts and infinitely repeated habits. A thing done and done and done again became not only an inherited memory but beautiful; this, I mean, happened to the simple acts, the things, of living—ploughing the April fields, the flowers that were the sign of April, the scarlet leaves that were the mark of autumn. They were bound into man's existence; and when he saw them, in fact or in poetry, his heart was stirred; here, once more, was the freshness of his youth, the reflective melancholy of his particular inescapable October.

To Mr. H. L. Mencken, for illustration, love was a ridiculous comedy; that was the attitude of a highly civilized critical mind; but to poetry, to pure poetry, love was not ridiculous; it was the oldest of all forces, and it touched men, when they were young, with a divine delusion; that beauty and the sense of power in their hearts was at once mythical and real; but to them, to poetry, it was a miraculous fact.

The poetry itself, Mr. George Moore's selections, was almost, for me, faultless. And what instantly engaged me was the difference in its spirit from the spirit of "Come Hither," the anthology of English poetry made so lately by Walter de la Mare. There was, speaking very broadly, an air of autumn about "Come Hither" and of spring in this "Pure Poetry." I may have felt that because of the entrancing lines to Mistress Isabel Pennell with which Mr. Moore opens his selections:

> Isabel,
> Reflaring rosabel,
> The fragrant caramel,
> The ruddy rosary,
> The sovereign rosemary,
> The pretty strawberry,
> The columbine, the nepte,
> The ieloffer well set,
> The proper violet.

A poem all fragrance and delicate color. And then Shakespeare:

> Perfume for a lady's chamber;
> Golden quoifs and stomachers,
> For my lads to give their dears;

And:

> Hark, hark!
> Bow-wow.
> The watch-dogs bark:
> Bow-wow.
> Hark, hark! I hear
> The strain of strutting chanticleer,
> Cry, cock-a-diddle dow.

The purest and most magical of poetry.

Thomas Campion follows, with ". . . youthful revels, masks, and courtly sights." And another Thomas, Dekker, sweeps forward with, "Haymakers, rakers, reapers and mowers." The Summer-Queen, in eglantine bowers, is dressed with musk-rose, and yellow flowers are strewed over the village green. The charm of "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn" I almost entirely missed, even with its golden vial to hold two crystal tears; and there was, for me, a great deal of Blake. No, after "The Fawn" my sharpest interest faded—the earlier poems, the older, were the best . . . a tranquil loveliness imperceptibly drifting away.

Yet John Clare—I was in total ignorance of him—captured a vanishing beauty in Clock-a-Clay:

> In the cowslip pips I lie,
> Hidden from the buzzing fly,
> While green grass beneath me lies,
> Pearled with dew like fishes' eyes,
> Here I lie, a clock-a-clay,
> Waiting for the time of day.

Yes, and the "Mariana" of Lord Tennyson be-

[illegible] where [illegible] the agat[illegible]
[illegible]elen[illegible]
[illegible] po[illegible]n to be clear to me, were [illegible] time so[illegible]ch in the common throat; songs about s[illegible]nd the weather and other homely comm[illegible]. In the Eighteenth Century they became polished, or was it only polite; and later they grew into theories, experiments; and later again—or they had that sound to me—epileptic. But there was none of that in Mr. Moore's collection; a tall slender grey book with a fine page, a warm fine paper; and in it was a great deal that life had lost, principally a rude animal physical simplicity, immensely grateful to experience, in memory and in poetry, in a very different and intricate, an unhappily hastened, time.

On Flittermice

THE LIFE OF THE BAT. By CHARLES DERENNES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE.

TO the author and to the reviewer and to the reader there flashes out, now and then, a spark like a beam of ultra violet light in a darkened laboratory: a title, an introductory sentence, a paragraph, a short story, more rarely a whole volume. One of each of these comes to mind—a quartet of unforgetables: "The Troublesomeness of Bulbuls," "It was late afternoon in the Stone Age," "The Jest of the Gods," and "A White Night."

Charles Derennes has written a small volume which Louise Collier Willcox has translated as "The Life of the Bat." I had read not more than half a dozen pages when I looked up anxiously at my shelf of shelves, and to my relief saw that a small space existed between "Here are Ladies" and "The Sea and the Jungle." Someone had removed one of my Immortals and into this crevice Derennes's book should go. He would not be lonely, for farther down the row were two more Frenchmen, Levick's "Penguins" and Claudel's "Connaissance de l'Est."

"The Life of the Bat" is no book for the reviewer. The only satisfactory way to present it would be to run it complete as a serial. I have the advantage of many readers in coming to the volume predisposed in favor of bats. Like all other things in life their mystery is a potent lure. I have tried to learn of the intimate life of vampires and have succeeded only in the most obvious externals. Derennes here makes clear much of the strange existence of the common house bat, and in language which compels a second and a third reading. The vivid similes distract with delight, and the fertile and apt diction of Miss Willcox leavens the core of actual facts. I find that my successive readings are dominated in turn by emotions literary, etymological and chiropteristic.

The author explains on page five that "By dint of watching the ways of the stars, I noticed the existence of bats." The volume is the result of years of patient watching, sometimes taming the little flittermice, sometimes listening to their chatter beneath the eaves. Mothers and babies were gently and kindly cared for and their ways accurately and charmingly transcribed.

> Like a nurse in a well-to-do family, enveloped in a cape so that she may nurse the baby in its folds without displaying her charms too much, so Noctu, really seated in the corner of the manger, dispensed the nourishment fr[illegible] her own body, under the shelter of her great, stret[illegible] hand, which she folded like a veil over the touc[illegible] sacred mystery.

Now and then the scientist relaxes and tu[illegible] folk lore.

> Old Gebracque lived on the road by the cemetery five hundred metres north of the garden of Old Pile. All the neighbors pretended that she was descended from a family of witches, and I would have taken great care not to contradict this because I was only fifteen years old and she was hardly ninety, and had begun to believe in her own stories from the very moment when, without laughing at them or denying them, I amused myself by discussing them critically with her. Thus I came to know that the sky in full daylight was full of enormous bats, invisible because they were the color of the sky and the sun, and it w[illegible] they who employed witches to go at night and join the[illegible] kind in such and such sinister places. As for the bats that the eyes of ordinary men saw at twilight, they were nothing but the diminished shadows of the real bats used by witches, which were the color of the sun and sky.

Fabre never did anything so impersonal as this nor Thoreau so humorous, nor Hudson so [illegible] It is a thoroughly [illegible] book out to Charles [illegible] and to Louise Collier Willcox.

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...liver on the Subway

...ITE OXEN. By KENNETH BURKE. ...ork: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924.

Reviewed by JOHN PEALE BISHOP

HERE is a collection of short tales, composed with labor and thought, and indicating between one tale and the next, as the Elizabethans did between their scenes of the English kings, a considerable lapse of time. The book does show, as the author claims in his Foreword, a "certain progression of method." An appreciable distance has been traversed between the story which opens the book, "The White Oxen," with its illusion of actuality and its rather obvious realistic symbolism, and the subtly disordered "Prince Llan," with its grey and twisted poetry, its rhetorical discussions of inanity and of things which should not be inane but are. But whatever the stage of his progress, Mr. Burke knows exactly what he is doing, what effects he is aiming at, and how he means to go about achieving them. Each of the fifteen stories has been approached as a distinct æsthetic problem; the difficulties have been consciously faced, and an appropriate manner has been found. But, for various reasons, the solution of the problem as often as not leaves us quite cold; we can approve the method and grant the correctness of applying it without in the least being excited over the skill with which it has been used.

I am prepared to admire rhetoric and to applaud anyone who will, as Mr. Burke has lately done, insist that writing is a form of activity to be cultivated for its own sake. I am also, I hope, aware of the advantages which the conscious artist has over the purely spontaneous one. But surely, once the stuff is under the fingers and in the process of being moulded, even the most scrupulous artistic conscience must allow the material to make its own demands. No one could have planned his labor with more care than Henry James; but readers of his prefaces will know how often he complains that his story before it had done had far exceeded his original conception and demanded an elaboration of which he had not dreamed when first it was outlined. And this is what one feels has never happened to Mr. Burke: the story he has written has always been exactly the story he planned. The use of the white oxen as a symbol in the tale of the boy who, still ignorant of his own likeness, goes out into the world vainly seeking to find in others qualities which only exist in his own soul is excellent—to begin with; but the symbol is insisted on until its quality is lost; Mr. Burke has been so determined that his trick should come off that when it finally does everybody is aware that it was only a trick.

It is when the volume is viewed as a whole, and not as fifteen disparate tales, that "The White Oxen" takes on its proper interest. For if none of these stories is quite satisfactory as a work of art, having its own existence apart from the mind of its creator, taken together they begin to assume another importance. The book has, in spite of the variety of methods employed, a curious unity—monotony, if you will. Mr. Burke has, during his performance, put on many costumes, sack-suits and the sackcloth of the ascetics, princely doublets, and sober gowns of grammarians and clerics; his hands have moved incessantly, sliding through various tricks; but his attitude from start to finish has not changed, his expression throughout is the same, icily irregular, aloof but marked by pain, intelligent, skeptical. In the end we are far more interested in the quality of the author than in anything he has done. He has recorded his sensibility without always having made use of it as an artist. He has given proof of the clarity of his mind, but in a way which is itself obscure.

It is when considered as a whole, that the book may be seen as a kind of Gulliver's Travels on the Subway. One can imagine this new Lemuel Gulliver wandering in the midst of a race of Yahoos, who have displayed a mechanical inventiveness unknown to their ancestors, who have taken over the wildest notions of the Laputans, but who have never in spite of their cunning been able to overcome their repulsive instincts or disguise the offensive odor of their bodies. One can imagine this Lemuel Burke riding [illegible] the uptown express at the rush hour, [illegible] the crowds pressed together, their [illegible] of fatigue and cold sweat, their bodies they are jerked about by the rocking of the train, movements that are at once horrible and grotesque way suggestive of love, making as they sway back and forth, pressed one to another, not the mild beast with two backs but an hundred-backed monster. Swaying with them, himself a part of their carnality, he cannot but be aware of the changes that are taking place in his own mind, which if it retains its clarity has lost all power of orderly thought. Reduced almost to incoherence, he wonders, mounting again to the air, what has happened during this journey underground to all those amazing and orderly structures which in the past the human intellect raised for its own contemplation and delight—to the dogmas of the Holy Roman and apostolic church, the mysteries of the saints, the amorous pastorals of Italian poets, to the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. But even these ruminations on the subway stairs are tainted by the close scent of the urinals.

This new Gulliver is very far removed from the old—his peculiar misanthropy could never have been acquired except in America, his nerves could never have been rasped quite as they have been except in a mechanistic civilization. Mr. Burke's sensibility is profoundly interesting, not for its private value whatever that may be, but because it shows a state of mind and nerves which must be, in less extreme form, rather common. It is that sensibility which we like to think first made its appearance with Rousseau, since made more subtle in an hundred ways, and now under the influence of the subways brought to a point which cannot be attenuated without touching madness.

A wood-engraving by Wilfred Jones for Sir Richard Burton's "The Kasidah of Haji abdu El-Yazd" (Knopf).

Young Mr. Williamson

THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE theme of "The Dream of Fair Women" is as old as the hills and yet because of a literary excellence that seems to be partly a series of unconscious arrivals at the precise emotional pitch the story takes on a new significance. It expresses, in effect, a negative sympathy for that congenital fickleness that is unaware of itself at the moment. For the reader can hardly believe in the deliberate promiscuity of Evelyn Fairfax. She is that curious type of woman who is so much like the chameleon, taking color from her surroundings and living the moment for what it is with a passionate abandonment that is a very part of her being. There is no soul in her, no capability for the high exaltation of love, nothing but a profound reaction toward the immediate moment and its consequences. Mr. Williamson is entirely aware of this although the feeling persists that many of his subtle innuendoes are induced by the emotional responses of his situations and not at all from an acute spiritual analysis.

The progress of Evelyn Fairfax is clearly divided and the reader observes her in two *milieux* and adjusting herself to each of them with a spontaneity and recklessness that is superficially sincere and whose virtues are invalidated by an inborn lack of depth. It is always the flesh that speaks and never the mind.

Mr. Williamson creates character in the best meaning of the phrase. His personages are animated by a life within them and they move with an amazing reality that is only nullified when the author feels that he must be humorous via the Hardyan method and so descends to a farcicality of treatment. His country folk are a little too broadly drawn and his sea-side resort hangers-on faintly suggest caricature at times. But these things may be forgiven an author who has put so much into a book and managed to inject such an impressive reality. Mr. Williamson has written a novel here that is something more than a promise and rather less than an achievement. It exists in a literary Purgatory.

Louisiana Sketches

BLACK CAMEOS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. McD. PUCKETTE

THE literature of today identified with the American negro falls into three groups. The first includes those works in which the peculiar characteristics of the race and its folklore find expression in negro stories retold by the author in dialect. Such stories turn back the hands of time; they are an echo of a generation in which the negro was closer to his African forbears and lore than the present one. Insofar as such literature succeeds as an honest and sincere attempt to recapture the simple negro character and mind, it is of substantial and lasting value. Joel Chandler Harris in his day, and, among living writers, Ambrose E. Gonzales and Mr. Kennedy excel in this field. A second group of recent origin comprises those writers who have sought to tell the story of the negro in the new day opening (yet far from opened) to full industrial opportunity and a wider social recognition. T. S. Stribling, Walter F. White, and Jennie Fauset are three who have essayed the task; if no outstanding novel has been the fruit of this sowing, the field is none the less worth the planting and much more is bound to come of a theme so dramatic, even tragic. The last of the three groups of literature about the negro needs only to be mentioned to be dismissed, for it includes those authors who caricature the race to win guffaws.

Mr. Kennedy has caught the true spirit of the negro of the older day as he is still to be found occasionally away from the sophistication of town life, or too old to change with the new machinery of civilization. His sketches are far from pretentious, even slight, but they bear the mark of sincerity and understanding. It is an interesting fact that his stories come from the Louisianan parishes where the negro dialect has been tinged with the Creole patois. Mr. Gonzales's "Black Border" tales are in the gullah of the South Atlantic coast, a dialect so difficult that few Southerners not from that region can read it easily at first. Mr. Kennedy's rendering of the negro talk has some noticeable differences, but is comparatively easy to understand. He has listened with an attentive ear, and his dialect, if read with the inflection which the race gives to its talk, is a faithful reproduction.

The negro, within the range of his experience and knowledge is a highly creative person, with a gift for narration and for making effective the visualization of his imaginings. Mr. Kennedy has succeeded admirably in conveying these characteristics of the negro mind and the childlike simplicity of the race's emotions. The vignettes from the Louisiana provincial life paint a clearly recognizable picture of the whole. He has made a worthwhile contribution to the literature of the negro.

Yet there is one point which should be made—we hope that Mr. Kennedy may consider it: The literature in dialect virtually without exception has rested upon humor for a large part of its interest. Mr. Kennedy perhaps relies too much upon this quality for his effects. Has the negro no tale of true sorrow and tragedy to tell—tragedy ennobled by the simplicity and directness with which he can recount other stories? Must the negro's sorrows forever be expressed only in his music, in the minor cadences of those spirituals which stir listeners to tears? Not far from the cabin door there must be more than has yet been written.

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A Gallant Rebel

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. Third Series. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN MONKHOUSE

Literary Editor *Manchester Guardian*

THIS third and—as one regrets to note—"final" series of extracts from Mr. Havelock Ellis's journal reaches from April, 1920, to August, 1923, and though the book is without plan or continuity it is held together by strong character and earnest convictions. Mr. Ellis is not very old but this appears as the work of an old man who makes a claim that many of his fellows will appreciate: "With the growth of years, there comes no indifference to beauty, and the older I grow the more sensitive I become to the loveliness of things, the more entranced in their contemplation." Yet, taking his examples from the great men, from Rodin, Michelangelo, or Shakespeare, he perceives in their final developments a loss of power, "of realistic grip," with the attainment of "a wider and deeper and more symbolic mastery of the world." Perhaps some of us may hesitate to accept such loss and gain as the rule or sign of supreme genius; though we may be troubled by the analogy of the average man with his tendency to grow crabbed or hazy as old age comes on. A serene old age is what we should all desire and perhaps Shakespeare had some sense of it in the period of "A Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale," but he was not an old man when he died and one could have believed in him faring forth on a fresh and zestful quest. We must change or become rigid but it is a little depressing to be told that Mr. Ellis has long ceased to feel the inspiration of the Venus of Milo and that the great, passionate tragedies of Shakespeare no longer attract him. Did they ever move him much or did he always maintain an intellectual detachment? Certainly he would not sympathize with the young pioneers who find Beethoven dull and if he has done with "Macbeth" he yet finds in "The Witch of Edmonton," when first seen on the stage in a recent revival, "a new revelation of delight." He has been an enthusiast for the Elizabethans and nearly forty years ago he edited the then famous Mermaid Series. But modern man delights not Mr. Ellis. Our age "has no English stage of its own worth troubling about, except, so far as Shaw may still bring life to it."

These are not generally careless jottings but a miscellany of experience worth recording. The subjects are widely various, including the blue eyes of an Irish girl, the London streets, Emily Bronte, æsthetic sensibility, lunatic asylums, *Once a Week* (that wonderful English magazine that had men of genius to work for it), and a hundred others. Mr. Ellis is a thoughtful and fearless critic, a clear and eloquent writer, a sincere man with strongly held beliefs which have shocked and disconcerted many people. Sometimes he seems to be writing with the solemnity of a dying man; he grasps at ideals, he has moods of exaltation. He lives at a height in far reaching speculations or in attempted communion with elemental forces and, again, he is pungent and irascible. He is a rebel and not quite without complacency in his rebellion. We may sometimes feel meanly acquiescent when he denounces, directly or by implication, so much that it has not occurred to us to resist. If sometimes we suspect that denunciation is fortified rather by rhetoric than reason we cannot dismiss him lightly or comfortably.

One of the later passages has a fine plea for the individual, a protest against good form, uniformity, a world that would live as its neighbor lives.

> I saw a man, turning out from a side street near where I live, who was somehow not like other people: a shabbily-dressed old man, wearing a very old coat with a fur collar, and he carried a very old leather bag with a Maltese cross painted on it, and he walked with the quiet, preoccupied air of a man who took himself altogether as a matter of course; while to me he was an object of joy and speculation.

So Mr. Ellis asks why there are not more people like that, why we are not all like that; by which he means that we should all be eccentric till there isn't such a thing as eccentricity. "What I ask of each individual is that he or she should be a perpetual and unique miracle. It seems but a little to ask." This is capital and, in his zeal for variety, Mr. Ellis becomes disrepectful to the United States. The chance was theirs. "There never was, there never will be, another so vast and magnificent opportunity for filling a continent with half a hundred variegated and wonderful States." But they are all alike or so, on occasion, they appear to the rhetorician. They are all standardized. Mr. Ellis is, of course, the most ferocious of pacifists and one can imagine that some of his milder fellows might be a little shy of these "new fantastic communities." They are hardly in line with Mr. Wells's idea of the great World State which is to save us from war. Or can it be possible to have the greatest variety with complete communion? Anyhow some of us will sympathize with Mr. Ellis's horror of the standardized world and see in him a gallant example of the revolt from it.

Substance and Essence

WHAT IS TRUTH? By GABRIEL WELLS. London: Wm. Heinemann, Ltd. 1924.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON

Harvard College

THIS collected series of letters, published for the most part from time to time in American and English newspapers during the years 1914 to 1924, presents the opinions of a mildly conservative and strenuously idealistic observer on the events and personalities of that crowded period; it is given, in particular, to reflections on the enormities of the Treaty of Versailles and the failures of American and European statesmen in the crisis of 1918 and later. The author, one gathers, is an American by adoption—of Hungarian extraction—a collector of books, who now, for the first time, puts forth a volume of his own. Why he should choose the title, "What is Truth?" is matter for speculation. Perhaps he wishes to convey a gentle skepticism as to his own views; but it is more likely that he intends the essay of that name to be the key to the whole. Truth is character, the inner and living essence of things, and must not be confused with fact, which is the outward and misleading shell. Therefore, truth often appears as exaggeration or fiction, but one must not be literal-minded in seeking it, for he will then find only the letter and not the spirit. Mr. Wells prefers the distilled and refined, rather than the raw and copious, opinion; thus his style is compact, epigrammatic, well tended, and trimmed; in each of the brief letters a single point is sharpened and polished till it pierces through incisively to the reader's mind.

The Treaty of Versailles is shown as a hideous piece of patchwork, the outcome of chicanery and compromise, conceived in the spirit of revenge—a ship for a ship, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; and had Wilson been able to stand firmly on a League of Nations, framed in generosity and disentangled from the political clauses of the Treaty, he would have carried the world before him; so Mr. Wells believes. "The world is out of joint! Who is to blame? These three: Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George. And the least forgivable of these is not Wilson, for he knew not what he was doing; nor Clemenceau, for he knew what he was doing; but Lloyd George, for he cared not what he was doing." Lloyd George is pictured as the arch apostle of dupery and opportunism; Wilson as the stiff-necked doctrinnaire, when by a mere gesture of concession to the Senate he might have ended the opposition to the League; and Coolidge emerges, by contrast, as a person with "a reassuring, confidence-inspiring touch in his bearing, the combined result of courage, wisdom, and faith."

The attitude of America toward Europe during the last five years is characterized as passive resistance; and Mr. Wells speaks his confidence that the truly generous heart of the American people will once more be touched, that we will stretch forward more than the hand of private charity to the Old World and will take our proper place in a movement for a final and enduring Peace. He rounds out the book with commendations and criticisms of the Dawes Report, deploring its failure to fix exactly the amount of reparations, and concludes with "A Layman's Peace Plan" (submitted in the Bok competition), which proposes a new Union of the Nations of Europe, to which America shall be sponsor.

The whole—little over a hundred pages in all—is flavored with common sense, wisdom, some wit, and a strong belief in moral rather than economic or political solutions to present-day problems: it is a terse and living, though brief, commentary on a crucial decade in the world's history.

On Safari

WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA. By HERMANN NORDEN. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1924. $5 net.

Reviewed by REXFORD W. BARTON.

OF all the words known to the English-speaking world there is probably none that stimulates the imagination, raises dim fantastic pictures of primitive peoples and their barbaric ceremonies, conjures up scenes of thrilling encounter and adventure with wild beasts, that paints hardship and struggle against a vindictive nature more surely than the mystery-laden word, Africa.

How many of us have spent childhood nights shivering with the terror of Africa after reading the matter-of-fact chronicles of Livingstone or Stanley, or Speke? And yet, at the same time resolved that when we "grew-up" we should penetrate that land of mysterious and unpronounceable names. And how few of us have done it!

If that same unsatisfied longing is still in you; if you would still *safari* across the uplands of Kenya, through the country of the Bantu and Nilotic Kavirondo, the Massai, the Butende, cross Victoria Nyanza to the erstwhile throne of King Mutesa and penetrate to the jungles of the Belgian Congo; if you have the desire, but not the months to give to this long *trek*, you may yet do it, albeit vicariously, and let me recommend to you for your "white hunter," Mr. Hermann Norden.

"All African journeys must begin in Europe," so we sail from Southampton for Capetown, Durban and Zanzibar. This is the long way round to reach our East African destination, Mombassa, but it gives us the atmosphere, it puts us in the proper mood to tackle the interior; and we find Zanzibar bizarre in its vivid coloring and its black, fascinating history.

At Mombassa we have the first glimpse of "our" Africa and we find novelty in everything from the native market and Indian bazaars to the great *gnoma* or native dance. And after the heat of a day's expedition there is pleasure and civilization as we sit on the concrete terrace of the Mombassa Club in the shadow of old Fort Jesus, sipping a "sundowner" and reveling in the soft tropical beauty of Mombassa Island just across the channel from us.

But it is the interior and the natives and the storied herds of game that we have come so far to see. So we push on, by rail, to Nirobe, more than three hundred miles inland, the capital of Kenya Colony; Kenya Colony that, until the year 1920, was called British East Africa.

But here I shall turn you over to the "white hunter" and if you follow him "into the blue" he will tell you tales of vanishing peoples; of witch-doctors and their magic; of little-known, cave-dwelling tribes on the slopes of Mount Elgon; he will explain the weird ceremonies of birth, marriage, and death, and the customs of everyday life among the many tribes you visit; it is a living page from the "Golden Bough." Time and again you will use your rifle and you will stalk elephants with a king for guide. There are incidents and anecdotes to amuse, to thrill, and to make one think. And there are many excellent photographs.

Just one word more. Mr. Norden's sequel to "White and Black In East Africa" is called "Fresh Tracks in the Belgian Congo" (London: Witherby). It is a chronicle of the conclusion of this expedition, from the heart of Africa through the jungles of the Congo to its mouth. I have read it, and it is a worthy companion.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, [illegible]. I. Number 23.

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Geological Science

THE FIRST ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN GEOLOGY. By GEORGE P. MERRILL. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by T. C. CHAMBERLIN

University of Chicago

WHILE the history of American geology does not reach back to the very beginnings of the science, it covers nearly all that is important in the youthful evolution of the science, for geology is one of the youngest of the sciences. In geographical extent and local details, it remains even now a quite incomplete science. Large portions of the earth have not yet been adequately examined, mapped, and described. The unsolved problems of geology are many and intricate. But as a general interpretation of the earth's history, geology may be regarded as essentially established, though some reservations are to be made even here. The very fact that the science is still young, and growing rapidly, gives special importance to a sketch of its first century of development on this continent, which is, geologically, the most symmetrical of the continents.

To the people of "The States" it is specially interesting to note that this "First One Hundred Years of American Geology" is almost coincident with the first century of the national history of the United States. Almost the first systematic geological work on this continent was done by a surgeon of the Hessian troops engaged in the Revolutionary War, Johann David Schopf, who at the close of the war turned from the destructive-constructive work of man to the destructive-constructive work of nature. Merrill's history may thus be looked upon as one of the not least interesting phases of intellectual deployment of our people after their first great struggle for the control of their own destiny.

How truly the science was in its early childhood, in the first decades of its American development, may perhaps best be judged from the fact that the battle between the "Neptunists," led by Werner, who held that all the rocks were precipitated from a universal earth-ocean, and the "Plutonists," led by Hutton, who held that the crystalline rocks had an igneous origin, was still raging. As we now see things, it is hard to realize that the influence of the Neptunists could have been in the ascendency in this country during the first two or three decades. This shows, perhaps better than anything else, how weak and equivocal, at that time, were the elemental sciences on which physical geology necessarily rested. It shows, about as well also, how imperfectly even these defective sciences were employed by those engaged in developing geological science. We are entitled to refer to this only as a historical status, not by way of reflection, for perhaps these pioneers of geology did as well under the limitations of their conditions as we do under ours. The citation helps us to realize what an advance the first hundred years of our national life has witnessed.

On the biological side, the advance is equally well emphasized by the fact that for more than half of this first one hundred years it was standard doctrine that the history of the earth embraced at least two or three catastrophies so appalling that all living things were destroyed. It was taught that these catastrophies were followed by re-creations, somewhat in advance of the preceding. The writer of this review was taught this in his college days, from the text of one of America's greatest geologists. Such supposed destructions and re-creations give us a vivid picture of how far the doctrine of catastrophism swayed interpretation in the earlier half of this "first one hundred years of American geology."

We must not forget, however, that this first century of American geology does not reach down to our time; it stops with the '80s of the last century. That is about as near to present ongoings as the events in such a complicated science as geology can be viewed in true historical perspective. The trends of things in a world science are so varied and so intricate that they cannot be gathered into a unified impartial view while so many of the factors are yet in the midst of their cycles. No doubt Merrill's choice of a terminal date was fixed by the convenience and aptness of a round century from the start just after the Revolutionary War. The terminus, however, fell just about as it should, for it was then about time to suspend historical treatment and to pass the more recent events over to the tender mercies of coming historians. We may perhaps say this with some emphasis, because, as some of us see things, our science is undergoing another of its great transitions, a transition whose depth and whose reach it would be hazardous to try to adjudicate while it is yet in the making.

Merrill groups the progress of his century of American geology into four divisions: The Maclurean Era (1785-1819), The Eatonian Era (1820-1829), The Era of State Surveys, whose importance he emphasizes by dividing it into five decades (the '30s, '40s, '50s, '60s and '70s of last century), and by giving a chapter to each and The Era of National Surveys.

The chapters on the era of surveys relate chiefly to organizations, explorations, descriptions, classifications, and mappings of the geological formations of the states, provinces, and territories as the work took definite official form. These chapters treat the results of the investigations connected with the surveys incidentally rather than systematically. They give a rather prominent place to economic deductions thought serviceable to the public. The surveys constitute what may be styled the forerunning work; from these the general science was gradually built up later, as a matter of necessity. The treatment is inevitably more or less regional, and even local, but it opens to the reader the very soul of the work in its primary phases. The treatment in detail is such as to bring the reader into personal contact, as it were, with the workers who made the science what it was in that preëminently formative period. No less than sixty-four portraits of leading geologists illustrate the pages of the work. Many maps and other illustrations give effect to the text.

Following the treatment of the survey work, seven chapters are devoted to special subjects that commanded more than usual interest or were the basis of sharply contested issues. These introduce the reader to some of the philosophical aspects of the science. A rather unique appendix gives copies of letters of geologists relating to subjects discussed in the body of the volume.

The book gives evidence of great labor in searching out, selecting, and organization data. It seems to be as free from bias as such a work can well be at this date. American geology owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Merrill for his great labor in its behalf.

Trotsky on Life

PROBLEMS OF LIFE. By L. TROTSKY. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. $1.50.

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE problems of life about which Trotsky writes here are those confronting a revolutionary group which has overthrown one social order and must now build up another. They are problems of social statesmanship, local, immediate, and concrete, and the Soviet War Minister writes as one of those actively trying to solve them.

Every "good Communist," as one is told nowadays in Russia, must know how to make a speech, write an article, handle a rifle, and command a company of men. And these papers should be read, not as contemplative essays, but as bits of opinion and suggestion tossed off in the intervals of other work (I recall reading some of them when they were first printed in the Moscow papers in the autumn of '23) by a very busy man trying to take a long view of the social tangle in which he and his associates were floundering while tackling as they came up the necessities of every day.

Political theory in Russia has far outrun—to take the Bolshevik way of looking at it—every day behavior and thinking. Politics are flexible but custom is stubborn and unyielding. Theories which might conceivably work in a highly developed industrial civilization long accustomed to having everything thought out for it, neat, shipshape, and well-arranged—Germany, before the War, for example—are dumped on an industrially backward country and a population with little working-class tradition in the Western sense, comparatively little instruction, and with habits of unpunctuality, dirt, and disorder. Moscow is a capital of several epochs at once. The Middle Ages jostle the century after next. Several periods may be existing, as Trotsky points out, side by side in the same man's head. It is a bewildering, fascinating, and terrifying social hodge-podge, and the Bolsheviks, as the responsible Government, must somehow or other make head and tail out of it.

Without surrendering the idea of a new and very different social order, Trotsky quite frankly admits various mistakes and failures. He ridicules the notion, of which one heard much in the earlier years of the Revolution, of a peculiarly proletarian culture. Such quests, he says, "combine despair at our own deficiency in culture with a faith in miracles." Just what he would include in his own definition of culture, how it would differ from that of "bourgeois" countries, he does not make any too clear. He would keep the gains of the Revolution, which he thinks are: (1) the dictatorship of the proletariat (in practice, at present, the Communist Party); (2) the Red Army to support that dictatorship; (3) the nationalization of the chief means of production; and (4) the monopoly of foreign trade. Within this framework, one surmises, his attitude toward "culture" would be much that of any other educated Westerner confronted with the lower class Russian's illiteracy, and good-natured *nitchevo* indifference to time and dirt.

He touches on a little of everything from family life and the church to swearing and philology, with a cocksureness and versatility of interest which suggest H. G. Wells. And all this talk is marked by that frank criticism which, however it would be stepped on if an outsider ventured it, is much more common *within* the lines of the Party than we are inclined to think. The communal houses haven't worked often enough. The working people put into them thought of them as barracks given them by the Government and not requiring any creative interest on their part and as a result many of them became all but uninhabitable. One example of the need of "culture," of new values, a new sense of social responsibility.

Family life has been disorganized. It is not anti-Bolshevik critics who say this, but delegates to a meeting of Communist propagandists which Trotsky called in Moscow. A husband, won over by anti-religious propaganda, takes down the *ikons* from the walls of his home. His wife, still living in the past, is horrified. Result: a family broken up. A wife joins a Communist women's organization. A new world opens before her. She neglects her family, the husband is irritated—another break-up. Both become Communists, join in social work, go to meetings, work in the local Soviet or Union. Home life becomes practically non-existent before they know it—and so on. These may seem rather obvious and naïve examples, but it must be remembered that such strains have been accompanied by the excitement of revolution and been put on very simple and unsophisticated people to whom such non-domestic activities were something entirely new. Family life, as Trotsky sees it, is still in what might be called the '20-'21 period of the Revolution; the destructive phase, finished in the political field, is not yet over here. His solution lies in a new equality between men and women, partly a matter of changing psychology, partly of freeing women from housework by communal kitchens, crèches, laundries, and so on.

Much of this curiously interesting and often illuminating book expresses opinions not very different from those that might come from any Western educator or social worker invited to Russia to give his advice. Perhaps only in Trotsky's remarks on the church would the latter's sensibilities be much disturbed. Trotsky writes of religion as if he had come from Mars and had a blind spot for this side of man's needs. He sees the appeal of the ritual, of the candles and color and music, but seems to think that all that is needed to displace the church is to devise some other more rational appeal to the senses. And he suggests the cinema, next door to the church, where "will be shown the Easters of the heathen, Jew and Christian, in their historic sequence, with their similarity of ritual," and appears to think that this will be enough.

A strange and theatrical career, and a curious and brilliant mind. They have a saying in Russia that Trotsky "takes his chair with him," doesn't stay put, politically, that is to say. And in a sense this is true, but that in itself doesn't explain his difficulties with his associates. He is too vivid, nervous, clever, too much of a one-man's-man to fit obediently into any political machine. And he has a way of flashing out reality every now and then, which must make some of his less dynamic or more demagogic colleagues exceedingly uncomfortable. In spite of his dash and popularity he has never had the hold on the minds of Russia's masses that Lenine had and has, but for versatile intelligence and the gift of saying things, he is easily the most brilliant of the Bolsheviks, and in controversy of almost any sort he can run circles around most of those about him.

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Historical Essays

THE COLONIAL BACKGROUND OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By CHARLES M. ANDREWS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

A nation's attitude toward its own history is like a window into its own soul and the men and women of such a nation cannot be expected to meet the great obligations of the present if they refuse to exhibit honesty, charity, open-mindedness, and a free and growing intelligence toward the past that has made them what arey are.

IN this sentence, with which Professor Andrews ends the last of the essays composing this volume, he expresses what has come to be the point of view of the self-respecting historian working in a field which in popular writing and speaking has been, as he says, too much "preëmpted by the propagandist, the hero-worshipper, or the patriotic partisan." To what extent the intelligence of the inhabitants of these United States may be either free or growing when directed toward the past is not wholly an encouraging problem to consider in the year 1924, in view of "the perversities of politicians, legislators, school boards, public orators, newspaper writers, and even librarians, who represent the Fundamentalist mind in history." But although at the close of the preface Professor Andrews indicates that he has written for his fellow workers rather than for the public, it is to be hoped that the public will read and profit by these lucid and wholly admirable essays.

The so-called facts of biography or history may or may not yield to patient research. If, however, we do discover that a certain man performed a certain action at a given time and place or that within certain years a great social upheaval, like the American Revolution, occurred in a certain serial order of events, these may, in general, be authenticated by documents. When we proceed from these outward events to ask *why* the man was led to perform the action in question or *why* such a social movement should have occurred, we enter upon a wholly different world of motives, desires, impulses, inhibitions, and passions. It is true that the biographer or historian when trying to answer this question *why* usually explains the psychology of the man or the period by referring to the influence of an earlier series of outward events. This, however, involves a process of justificatory selection that is the most difficult task such an author has to perform and that is more apt to reveal his own preconceived notion of why things happened or his general philosophy than to elucidate the historic process.

Through ignorance of a vast body of fact now possessed with regard to the Revolution, and by rigidly disregarding all but one point of view, the earlier historians could simplify both the *how* and *why* of that struggle by picturing it as one between evil-hearted tyrants, on the one hand, goading an oppressed liberty-loving people, on the other, so far as to preclude aught but open revolt. Modern historians, with a wealth of material unknown to their predecessors, find the problem one of growing complexity rather than of simplification. He must needs be a bold spirit today who would claim to explain in full the causes of the revolt, though any schoolboy would have the answer on his tongue becuase of an "enthusiastic belief in a few things that are not so."

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Professor Andrews states that in these essays he has made no attempt to discover "with any idea of finality the causes of the American Revolution." He has suggested a point of view and certain lines of investigation. In the first place, as he rightly insists, the revolution was a colonial not an American problem. The history of that period cannot be understood by projecting backward conceptions derived from the later period of independent nationality. The colonies formed part of a colonial and later an imperial system. Professor Andrews, therefore, undertakes to explain our colonial history in terms of the colonial relationship with the mother country. Moreover, he says

> as in all revolutions—two great and powerful influences came into conflict, the conservative and radical, each with its habits, impulses, and principles, and there can be no real comprehension of causes and results unless each is studied with equal thoroughness and care.

Although the author brings the difficulties of the problem which baffled England and the colonies to a focus in the critical years of 1770 to 1774, he finds that the revolt can be understood only by a full comprehension of the whole trend of events on both sides of the Atlantic from the beginning of settlement. As he notes in one connection, it was the "embattled farmer" and not the "embattled merchant" whose shot was heard round the world, and yet it was the business men and not the agriculturists who were affected by the restrictive measures of the over-seas government. Other causes than the Navigation Acts and other British measures must therefore be found to explain the full sweep of the movement.

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Probably no other historian in America has the knowledge possessed by Professor Andrews of the manuscript sources in England needful for the understanding of the policy of that country or a firmer grasp of the commercial aspects of the political thought of the times. The picture which he gives of the "old colonial system" is of the highest interest and value. He traces the development of commercial prosperity in both mother country and colonies under the Mercantile system, an understanding of which is essential for that of the period. Politically, self-government, although not an inherent right "of any body of Englishmen that happens to voyage beyond the seas," grew rapidly under American conditions and with the consent of the English authorities. On the other hand, the colonial policy of the government was at no time, as is often assumed, one of *laissez faire*, but the control exercised was not objected to by the colonists and the system employed was flexible enough to allow for their prosperity. Serious trouble came only when the old Mercantile doctrine was partially abandoned for the more modern form of imperialism after the conquest of Canada in 1763.

For long, the peoples on both sides of the ocean had been moving along different lines. England, naturally conservative and insular, had become middle class in government after the Revolution of 1689, and the middle class was impervious to ideas. On the other hand, many influences had been at work rapidly to push the political thought and temper of the colonists beyond any point understandable at that time in Europe. The pure rationalizing of philosophers in England or of such men as Otis in America, the author deems to have been of little effect on either side, and considers that disputes about trade and taxation could easily have been settled had it not been for conditions not readily observable on the surface. These he finds in the different outlooks which had slowly served to bring the need of readjustments in the imperial ties.

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The English governing class, however, had no solution to offer beyond maintaining things as they were and could meet radicalism only by coercion. The minor and more proximate causes, such as George III, the royal governors, and the psychology of the legal advisers of the crown, are discussed at some length but the author concludes that the uprising was not against a king and his ministers but against a "system and a state of mind." The system was the new imperialism that replaced the old Mercantilism and the state of mind was that of the Tory middle class that had ridden in the saddle since the accession of William III. The reviewer, and it is with modesty that he makes the suggestion in consideration of the author's far wider knowledge, wishes that he had stressed somewhat more the growing differentiation within the colonies themselves,—the emergence of classes, the increasing economic ills of certain elements in colonial society, and the political friction between frontier and tidewater in many of the colonies,—so that we might have as complete a presentation of the American as of the English state of mind. This, however, lay outside the scope, perhaps, of the task which Professor Andrews set for himself and the performance of which has placed all historians of the colonial period in his debt.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh has awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes for the year 1923, which were instituted by the late Mrs. Janet Coats or Black, of Millearn, Ayr, as a memorial to her husband, the late James Tait Black, publisher, Edinburgh, as follows:—For the best biography or literary work of that nature to Sir Ronald Ross for his "Memoirs, &c.," and the prize for the best novel to Arnold Bennett for "Riceyman Steps."

"Sard Harker"

PART I

THE Pathfinder was to sail at four-thirty. At four o'clock Sard Harker, the mate, started for the dock. He burst through the thicket into a bog. There was a space of clear water before him. He jumped in, swam across, caught a tree root, gave a great heave and pulled the tree over on him. It fell on his head, fractured his skull. His hat floated away. "There goes my hat," he said.

He lay on the bottom for days. He was drowned in mud. At every breath, he breathed mud. "It's a nuisance, this mŭd," he said. Now the leeches began on him, scorpions ran up and down his legs, biting him incessantly. "Oh, these scorpions!" he said.

At length, rousing himself, he thrust the tree aside and rose to the surface. Again he grasped a tree, uprooted it. A flood of viscous red mud flowed over him, covering him completely. Moccasins and rattlesnakes bit him. An alligator went lumbering by and took off his right foot. "That spoils a good pair of shoes," he said. He heard the splash and clutter of swimming things, squealing, biting things, with teeth like knives, tearing his flesh. "Rats," he said.

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A huge bird, a condor, flew low with pendent feet. He grasped its ankles. "Yo, heave ho," he cried, "Heave ho, my hearty!" He found himself on hard earth. He had been in the bog nine days. He looked at his watch. "Twenty-three minutes to make the ship," he said, "I must run."

He made a false foot out of a turtle he found on the beach and set off, running. He came to a quicksand. It sucked him in and for nearly a week he lay submerged. "This is a pretty bad quicksand," he said. He worked his way at last to the ocean and plunged in. A shark bit off his left foot. "Well, one foot is not much use," he said.

He tied a sand-crab on in place of his left foot. He urged the crab to keep pace with the turtle, but the crab went sideways so that his gait was uneven. He came to a jetty where rum-runners were loading cases into a train. They knocked him on the head and threw him into a freight car. He looked at his watch. "Eleven minutes to make the ship," he said.

For many days, the train jolted inland. He began to feel rested, though his feet were numb. The train drew toward a station. He swung himself out, fell under the train, the wheels of five cars rolled over his body. It seemed a long time. "This is a slow train," he said.

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He was arrested for obstructing traffic, locked in a cell. He opened the window, climbed out. A soldier fired at him but the bullet lodged in his brain and he ran on more swiftly. He came to a house at whose door sat a man. His pursuer fired again. He stepped aside and the bullet hit the man, killing him instantly. "Excuse me," said Sard and went in.

A woman met him and asked who he was, "I am the plumber," he said. He was seized by the man, who had been shot. Sard gave him a gentle push and again he fell dead. "Peace be with you," said Sard. He ran up the side of a house, across the roof and down the other side. There was a woman knitting. "For the land's sake, young man, who are you?" "I am the piano-tuner," he said and left her.

Then he set out for the impassable mountain range beyond which lay San Agostino, one hundred and seven miles away. He looked at his watch. "Five minutes yet," he said.

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At the end of two weeks walking across the desert, he came to two men. "Who are you?" they asked. "I am the postman," said he. "Any old rags, bottles, old iron today?" He looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock, but, in the darkness, he could not make out the day of the week. He lay down and slept.

The brush was all on fire. The flames advanced upon him. He ran until he came to a stream, but the water was all on fire. He dived in and swam beneath its burning surface to the other side. Feeling much refreshed, he hurried on to a cliff eight hundred feet high. Taking a running start, he leaped to the top and sat down to rest.

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woman appeared, snatched a knife and stabbed him to the heart. "Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?" he said. "Who are you?" she asked. "I am the Governor of this province," he answered. A man fired at him. The bullet struck him in the back of the head. Feeling much refreshed, he went on to another cliff. His feet had grown again, he discarded the turtle and crab and watched them crawl wearily away.

There was a village nearby. He walked boldly into it, disguised as a druggist. He entered a house, lay down and slept. He was awakened by pressure on his chest and a shrill squealing. A rattlesnake coiled upon his bosom and two tarantulas at his feet had been biting him for some time. They had emptied all their venom into him and were signalling for fresh supplies.

He began to swell. He was so swollen he could not pass through the door. He pushed the roof off of the house and climbed over the wall. It was raining hard. "Lord pity the poor sailors at sea on a night like this," he said.

The moon had risen when he came to San Agostino. He hurried to the dock. His ship had sailed six months before. "I am late," he said.

PART II

The bells chimed for one in the morning, when Sard picked up a key from the gutter and entered a house. There, chained to a post, was a beautiful young woman.

"I can pick the padlock," he said, "if you have a hairpin."

"My hair is bobbed," said she.

He took one step forward and, with a cry of pain, he fell to the floor. He had stubbed his toe. A horde of Indians and negroes fell upon him. He could do nothing, he was so weak with pain. They chained him to another post and lay down to sleep.

"How long have you been chained to that post?" he asked.

"Ever since last Spring," she answered.

"Where did you live before that?"

"At Passion Courtenay, in Berkshire, Eng.," she said.

"Ah, indeed. Charming old-world village," he said. "I've been there."

The door opened and a man entered, dressed like Henry Irving in "Richelieu." After him came others bringing in large unwieldy objects. They laid a section of railroad track across the room, placed a locomotive engine upon it, chained Sard to the track at the further end. They erected a saw-mill and bound the girl to the log-carriage. Between the two, they placed a keg of gunpowder with a long fuse. The fuse was lighted, steam was gotten up in the engine, the circular-saw turned swiftly, with a low purring sound.

"In eleven minutes," said Richelieu, "this engine will run across the room, the log-carriage will bear its burden to the saw and the keg of powder will explode. After that you will be thrown from Brooklyn Bridge." He went out.

"You remind me," said Sard, "of Juanita de la Torre, whom I met at Passion Courtenay."

"How small the world is!" she answered. "For I am she."

"You do love me then," said he.

The fuse sputtered, with a long-drawn toot the locomotive moved along the rails, the log-carriage lurched, and started on its journey to the saw.

"Cue for the rescue!" shouted Sard.

The door burst open and a file of scene-shifters disguised as soldiers marched in, upset the engine, stopped the saw, and flooded the keg with pyrene. Behind them came a man dressed in spotless white.

"Behold," he said, "I am Don Manuel, the Dictator of this country. You are that Harker who, years ago, when I was a poor, ragged boy, gave me a pair of pants. You made me what I am, for without pants I could not be Dictator. I give you the hand of this fair lady, whose real name is, Belinda, the Beautiful Boiler-maker."

Tremendous applause from the gallery swept the stage and loud cries of "Author! author!" were heard. The man in red came forward.

"Are you, Mr. Masefield, the author of this piece?" asked Sard.

"I am," he said.

"I thought you were a poet, one of the best," said Sard.

"I used to be," said the author.

"Friends," said Sard, "at such a time, words seem [illegible] We can only say, We Mourn Our [illegible]

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The BOWLING GREEN

Interiors

OF the infinite number of exciting things to write about I was wondering which to choose; and idling along a bookshelf in that mood of desperate postponement I came upon Dr. Richet's "Thirty Years of Psychical Research." This reminded me of a shrewd remark made by Walter de la Mare. He said that the transactions of the Society for Psychical Research are specially interesting reading not merely for their anecdotes of apparitions, premonitions, etc. ("cryptesthesia" is the modern term, I think) but because they are such good "interiors." By this he meant, of course, that these condensed and carefully reported little ghost tales are fascinating in their accidental details of domestic arrangement. Yes, they are indeed, thrillingly haphazard in the queer things they tell us about the way people live. It is very rarely that any avowedly imaginative writing gives so fruitful a glimpse into the incredible idiosyncrasies of domestic settings. Robert Cortes Holliday's "Peeps at People" is one of the few contemporary books I think of that explores the gorgeous material of burgess life with no romantic coloration whatever.

Stand where a bright light shines directly over a mirror and try a little experiment. (You can do it the next time you shave.) Turn off the light and stand in the dark a moment. Then switch the light on and watch the black hole in the middle of your eye (the apple of your eye, is it? the pupil, I suppose it's called) swiftly contract and accommodate itself to the sudden brightness. Well, just in that way, I am sorry to say, does the vision of a writer tend to narrow itself when he faces the wide confused brilliance of life. We are so busy reckoning our own dreams, chewing the sweet and bitter cud of our own fancies, that we are likely to miss the most rich fantastic material of all: the ungarnished astonishments of what passes under our nose. I was looking at a publisher's advertisement the other day; though only flittingly, because I also have written publisher's ads; and my eye misread a half-seen title. "A History of American Privations" was how I read it, and I thought with a shock of pleasure what a delightful book that must be. Then I turned back and saw it was a "History of American Privateers." But it started me thinking about privations: and I concluded that one of ours is the scarcity of writers with just that Dickensian widening of the eyeball that would admit more of the undoctorable strangeness of the human scene. First class reporting is usually better than second-rate editorializing. I mean reporting of the Pepys-Boswell class.

* * *

So I began to think, quite naturally, of some of the queer everyday things that happen. If one could put them down, in the terse manner of the Psychical Researchers, they also would be highly agreeable "interiors." Alas that good manners forbids precise identification. But rejecting indiscretion and sticking to facts, here are a few examples, detailed in the cryptesthetic manner.

Mr. B., a travelling salesman for a publishing house, has a customer in a Southern city, a lady who runs an "artistic" and highbrow bookshop. Mr. B is particularly anxious to make a good record on this trip, and is endeavoring to sell the lady 25 copies of a novel of which she believes 10 will be enough. While she is wavering the talk turns upon X. Y., another author on the list of Mr. B's house, an author for whom Mr. B knows she has special enthusiasm. "Speaking of X. Y.," he says, "it so happens that I have in my trunk some signed copies of his books, maybe you'd like to have 'em." She is delighted, and Mr. B goes back to his hotel where he painstakingly fabricates some very lively "autograph" inscriptions in the name of X. Y. The lady bookseller is so enchanted that she increases her order. "That's fine," she says, gazing on the inscribed volumes. "Mr. Y is coming here to lecture this winter, and I shall show him how nice you've been to me."

Mr. Q, a publisher, is indignant because a columnist (Mr. M.) once spoofed one of his publications in a newspaper. So indignant indeed that still, several years later, he refuses even to send any books issued by his house for review in the magazine with which that columnist later allied himself. *Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?*

Mr. L, an honest and worthy citizen, was taken to Paris by his wife. While she made the round of shops and sightseeing he was hopelessly bored. Finally he discovered one place, so he admitted to me, where he could feel amused and at home. In the basement of the American Express Company's office is a shoeshining stand run by a cheerful and talkative coon. Mr. L admitted to me that the only time he was ever happy abroad was when he was loitering in the cellar chatting with the shine artist.

Mr. Z, an accountant, augments his salary by engaging in a lively bootlegging business on the side. (Here I catch the indignant eye of the subscriber in—appropriately—Waterbury, who accused me of always writing about liquor.) Z tells me that he can get me, if I desire, a certificate signed by a genuine parson (one of his organization) vouching under benefit of clergy that any liquor I might be found possessed of is for sacramental purposes only.

* * *

I begin to perceive already that it is quite impossible to put down even the simplest memoranda of what actually happens without dangerously troubling one's readers, and that, I suppose, is exactly why the pupil does prudently narrow itself, to admit upon the retina only so much light as it finds comfortable. Newspaper editors are specially adept at this. There was a time last summer when (so at any rate I guessed) French editors were particularly anxious to have their readers believe that the United States would not be exacting in its financial dealings with France. I read a long editorial article in the most famous newspaper in Paris expounding the doctrine that the U. S. government would never be ungracious toward France because in 1909, at the Champlain celebration, Hamilton Wright Mabie had said that France was the world's protagonist of liberty. And this sentiment might be regarded as almost official, the editorial continued, because when uttered it was "consecrated" by the presence of Mr. Hughes, then governor of New York. It was a pity, I could not help thinking, to feel it necessary to hunt about in the files for such strangely tenuous evidence of our permanent affection for France. The only encouragement in it was to find that even the French can, when necessary, be just as *naif* as ourselves. For that, if for nothing else, we love them.

I wonder where the soliloquy is leading us? It reminds me somehow of a home-made fable esteemed by the Urchin and Urchiness. There was a kitten who was very fond of herring, which his family couldn't afford to have very often. When the great morning came and herrings were on the table, he sat silent with great tears rolling from his eyes. He couldn't open his mouth. They thought he had lockjaw and sent for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he soon learned what was wrong. Our kitten had, by mistake, cleaned his teeth with library paste instead of tooth paste, the tubes being very similar. But by the time they got his mouth chipped open, the herrings were all eaten.

The point seems to be that the flavor of actual life, though sometimes fishy, is pungent and nourishing. It would be a pity to miss it on account of some library-paste adhesion. As far as we know God never autographed his work, and those travelling salesmen of doctrine who have been anxious to proxy Him are perhaps premature. But, with the aid of the scientists we're getting on gently. Perhaps, as so often happens embarrassingly in the papers, Acts and Epistles will some day be followed by Revelations.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Details are announced," says the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "of Sir Sidney Lee's biography of King Edward VII., undertaken at the request of King George, the first volume of which will be published in England early in March. The work is based on documents in the Windsor archives or at Marlborough House, and on numerous collections of letters addressed by the late King to personal friends and men of prominence in official life. Volume I., "From Birth to Accession," throws many new sidelights on history from the struggle for Italian unity to the South African War. King Edward's love of France and suspicion of Prussia are traced from their early beginnings. The second and completing volume, covering King Edward's reign, will, it is hoped, be ready before the end of 1925."

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Books of Special Interest

Critical Traditions

ANCIENT RHETORIC AND POETIC. By CHARLES S. BALDWIN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $2.10.

Reviewed by J. D. DENNISTON
Hertford College, Oxford

THE scope and purpose of Professor Baldwin's volume are indicated in the opening words of his preface: "To interpret ancient rhetoric and poetic afresh from typical theory and practice is the first step toward interpreting those traditions of criticism which were most influential in the Middle Ages. Mediæval rhetoric and poetic in turn, besides illuminating mediæval literature, prepare for clearer comprehension of the Renaissance renewal of allegiance to antiquity." To compass such a study within the limits of 250 pages, with necessary deductions for quotations from, and summaries of, the ancient texts, would be a *tour de force* of compression. And it is somewhat to be regretted that a writer of such wide learning and such originality of thought should have hampered himself by attempting an almost impossible task. The Professor begins with an interesting analysis of the terms "Rhetoric" and "Poetic." The distinction, he remarks, is not that between prose style and poetic style; indeed, the ancients laid little stress on that superficial distinction.

Rhetoric and poetic (he says) connected two fields of composition, two habits of conceiving and ordering, two typical movements. The movement of the one the ancients saw as primarily intellectual, a progress from idea to idea determined logically; that of the other, as primarily imaginative, a progress from image to image determined emotionally.

Such a distinction is no doubt of itself true and vitally important. Whether it was consciously drawn by the general run of Greeks is more questionable. It is scarcely convincing to say that it "may have been familiar enough to be tacitly assumed." After this, Professor Baldwin proceeds to give an excellent account of ancient oratorical theory, as seen in Aristotle and Cicero. He then illustrates the teaching of rhetoric from Quintilian, Seneca, Tacitus, and Pliny, and the literary criticism of rhetoric from Dionysius and Longinus. Turning to Poetic, he selects Aristole for theory, and for practice Greek tragedy, Senecan tragedy, Roman comedy, the Æneid, Ovid's narrative poetry, and finally, rather strangely, Apuleius. He ends with a sketch of "Rhetoric in ancient criticism of poetic," giving extracts from Dio Chrysostom and Plutarch. In this chapter he includes an estimate of a famous treatise on which he is perhaps rather unduly hard, the "Ars Poetica" of Horace.

On the whole, Professor Baldwin is something more than kind to the ancient critics. We hear nothing from him of their besetting sin, that tendency to construct theories either *a priori* or at least on insufficient data. He gently rebukes Dionysius for his use of "statistical analysis of literature." But surely what is amiss with Dionysius is that he is not statistical enough; he will never take the trouble to collect enough statistics, and some of those which he does collect he takes unashamedly, as in his discussion of prose rhythm. Again, it is perhaps rash to state without qualification that the method of Aristotle's "Poetic" is "inductive." All through that treatise Aristotle seems more inclined to base artistic judgments on certain fundamental principles than to work back to the principles from the judgments. It is one of the greatest achievements of Longinus (to whom Professor Baldwin pays an eloquent tribute), that he, alone among Greek critics, made the considered taste of cultured individuals, and not abstract formulæ, the supreme test of artistic merit.

In general, however, the course of ancient rhetoric and poetic is admirably portrayed. And the value of the treatment is enhanced, first, by full reference to modern treatises which may be consulted by readers desirous of further information; secondly, by a wealth of illustration from all epochs of modern literature. The section of the book dealing with the practical achievements of the ancients in the field of oratory and poetry is less satisfactory. The choice of authors is not very intelligible, and in particular one is left without an account of ancient oratory in practise. There is, however, within the limits laid down by the author, much interesting criticism. "The close of the action" (in a Greek tragedy) is the issue of the characterization. Characterization in Greek tragedy, more consistently than in any other, is motivation. In some Greek plays it offers hardly anything else. The characters are drawn for the play, not for themselves." "In a word, the one-act form, for an action of some magnitude, has been called artificial. Any form may seem artificial if it is realized imperfectly; and the limits of this form impose merely a higher degree of the difficulty inherent in any dramatic form, the difficulty of focus." Such sentences are typical of the author's gift for the terse and forcible expression of fundamentals. Mention must also be made of the fine and intimate appreciation of Virgil's art.

Altogether, a book that fills a gap, and one likely to be widely read and appreciated.

Women in Industry

TRAINING FOR THE PROFESSIONS AND ALLIED OCCUPATIONS: FACILITIES AVAILABLE TO WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES. New York: Bureau of Vocational Information. 1924.

Reviewed by AGNES L. ROGERS
Smith College

THOSE who have charge of placement or who direct educational or vocational guidance in institutions for the education of women will acclaim this excellent and comprehensive study of the professions and occupations entered by women. The fact is that vocational opportunities for women have developed in the last decade at a rate that makes it well-nigh impossible for any individual to keep abreast of all lines of growth. Ten years ago the American Association of Collegiate Alumnae published a pamphlet on Vocational Training. The vast extent of the changes that have occurred is shown by the contrast between that pioneer pamphlet and the present splendid publication.

The plan of the book is admirable. Each profession or occupation engaged in by women is analyzed. Its scope is defined and the future outlook particularly as it affects women is discussed. The status of training at present and developments likely to influence it are likewise given in detail together with a directory of institutions providing the requisite training.

The organzation of the material is especially to be commended. It follows the lines of training rather than occupational content. This greatly enhances the serviceableness of the facts furnished. The care with which these have been collected is beyond praise. They have been checked by study of catalogues and similar announcements as well as verified by experts and committees of experts in the various fields.

The sections devoted to single occupational units are printed separately and can be purchased at a very low price. This adds greatly to the uses the publication will serve.

Apart from its obvious practical utility the work is of significance as an indication of the status of women in the twentieth century. It is a sociological document of interest as well as an indispensable tool for vocational direction and a guide to the woman in search of an occupation.

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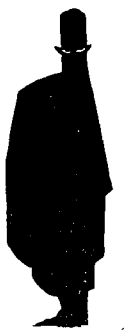

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Foreign Literature

An Emperor's Diary

MEMOIRS OF A CZAR. The Diary of the Emperor Nicholas II. Berlin: Slowo. 1924.

Reviewed by PRINCESS RADZIWILL

THE Russian publishing firm called Slowo in Berlin, has just brought out a book which ought not to pass unnoticed, and which it is to be hoped will be translated into English, because it constitutes one of the most human, and at the same time remarkable, historical documents connected with the Russian Revolution. It is an extract of the diary of the last Czar, and after one has perused it, one realizes how inevitable this Revolution was, and how impossible it would have been for the reign of Nicholas II to end otherwise than with a catastrophe. The publishers understanding that it would have been impossible to bring out the contents of the whole twenty-five volumes in which this diary is contained, have made a very intelligent and clever selection of the passages which they thought the most interesting from the psychological point of view, and they have admirably condensed it in one volume, amply sufficient to make the reader realize that the reign of Nicholas II constitutes one of the most tragic and one of the saddest pages in the history of Russia. Of course, the cataclysm which terminated it was the result of facts in which he had no part, but it is nevertheless unquestionable that the individuality of this unfortunate Monarch hastened it, and gave it a character which it would not perhaps have assumed, had he been better prepared for the part he had to play in it, and had he looked upon Russia, and the development of political life in that country, from the point of view of an enlightened, human man, and not from that of a selfish despot, because the word autocrat cannot even be applied to him. To be a real autocrat, one must have some grandeur in one's character, while Nicholas II was the personification of a mean, weak, and vain egoist.

There is but one book which can be compared with this diary, and that is the Journal to which Louis XVI, King of France, consigned his impressions of people and events, that extraordinary Journal in which the writer finds nothing else to say on the 6th of October when the Paris crowds invaded the Palace of Versailles, than the remark, "Nothing happened today, I did not hunt."

Nicholas II on another memorable occasion, that of the inauguration of the First Russian Duma, which was, as one imagined to open a new era of reforms for the Russian Empire, merely scribbles in the book in which he regularly noted his doings and sayings of the day, the following words:

27th April, 1906.

This was the important day of the reception of the Council of State, and of the Imperial Duma, and the beginning of the latter's existence. Mama arrived at eight o'clock from Gatschina and together with us came to St. Petersburg. The weather was quite summery. We travelled on the Peterhof and went first to the fortress and then to the Winter Palace. We lunched at 11 o'clock. At one the procession started to the St. George's Hall. After prayers had been said I made a speech to welcome the assembly. The Council of State stood on the right and the Duma on the left of the Throne. We returned in the same order to the Malachite drawing room. At three o'clock we boarded a steam launch, and then the yacht *Alexandria.* We were home at 4½. In the evening we drove out.

Not one word about the importance of the historical event which had taken place, not one remark about what it might mean for him, as well as for the whole Russian nation. Nicholas II, then as always, never could look beyond the spectacle immediately before his eyes. He noted facts, he never understood events.

How little he realized them, we can see from his impressions on the day of his father's death, when the weight of the latter's power and might fell on his own feeble shoulders, a weight which was so colossal that he might well have trembled at the thought of all its responsibilities. One would have expected him to be crushed under this immense change which had taken place in his existence, to be awed at the idea that he had become such a mighty potentate, wielding the right of life and death over one hundred and sixty million of human beings. Instead of that what do we find? Simple, childish remarks which justify but too well the reply of Alexander III to Count Witte, when the latter asked him to appoint the then Heir to the Throne President of the Committee for the construction of the Transiberian railroad, "Have you thought about what you are asking? Why the Cesarewitsch is still a boy, and all his judgments are those of a child." And yet two years later that child was to become Czar, to take the place which had been occupied by Peter the Great, and the latter's strong minded successors. Could anything be more dreadful for him and especially for this poor Russia which he was to lead to the abyss?

20 October, 1894—Thursday.

My God, my God, what a day! The Lord called back to Him our dearly beloved, adored Papa. My head is turning and I cannot believe it, because such a terrible thing appears unbelievable. We spent the whole morning beside him! His breathing was very difficult, and oxygen had to be administered to him all the time. At about three o'clock he took Holy Communion, then a few convulsions shook him, and the end came quickly. Father John was holding his head. It was the death of a saint. Oh Lord, help us. Poor, dear Mama!

We had prayers at half past nine in that same room. I feel almost dead myself. My dear Alix's feet have begun to hurt her again!

And this is all, his future wife's feet are hurting her, this is the one fact to which Nicholas II seems to attach the most importance, while ignoring all the rest, his reign which was beginning, his people who were hoping so much from it, the good he could do, and the evil he might perform.

The whole book is in that same tone, the only events which seem to make an impression on the feeble mind of the young Czar, are purely family ones; the birth of his children, the dinners which he accepts from the different Guard regiments of which he is the Honorary Colonel, and so forth. When he describes the famous interview with the Kaiser at Björke, during which he committed one of the most disgraceful actions of his reign, signed a treaty which was a direct violation of the promises he had made to the French government, and the engagements he had assumed in regard to it, he merely mentions the meals he took in company with William II, and simply remarks, that he parted from him "under the best impressions." And when he dissolved the First Duma, and thus added to his already established unpopularity, he simply noted in his diary: "It is accomplished, the Duma was closed today. I signed the oukase at six o'clock. The weather was lovely."

There is, however, one other remarkable feature in this volume, which more than anything that has yet been published, establishes the utter incompetence of the last Czar of Russia, and this is the influence exercised over his feeble mind from the very outset by his wife. It proves how intensely he loved her from the early beginning of their acquaintance and long before he became affianced to her, and the manner in which she asserted herself, even at a time when she might have been expected to keep her thoughts to herself. He showed to her this diary which constitutes such a formidable indictment against both of them, and she wrote her own remarks in it, urging him to show himself the autocrat she continually all through their married life insisted he should be. Five days before the death of Alexander III she tells him:

Darling Boysy, me loves you, oh so very tenderly and deeply. Be firm and make the doctors, Leyden or the other G., come alone to you every day and tell you how they find him, and exactly, what they wish him to do, so that YOU are the first always to know. You can help persuading him then, too, to do what is right. And if the doctor has any wishes or needs anything, make him come DIRECT to you. Don't let others be put first and you left out. You are Father dear's son, and must be told all and be asked about everything. Show your own mind, and don't let others forget WHO YOU ARE. Forgive me, lovy.

These words, "show your own mind," she was to repeat to him all the time, and they constituted the principal feature in her correspondence with him later on during the great war, when it had become evident to the whole world that he had no mind at all. They were her *leit motiv,* all through her life, and they finally brought about the catastrophe in which she perished together with him.

This is altogether a remarkable book, and it will prove indispensable to the future historian desirous of placing where they belong, the responsibilities for the collapse of the Russian Empire, and the fall of the Romanoffs.

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The Poetry of Holderlin

By Edwin Muir

FRIEDRICH HOLDERLIN died over eighty years ago. During his last thirty years he was insane, and to the world he had died in 1805, when his insanity became incurable. Up to 1918 his greatest works were not generally known in Germany, but he had a respectable reputation as a minor poet and as the author of the prose romance, "Hyperion." Then the publication of von Hellingrath's edition of his poems brought a completely reconstructed image of him before the German public. He was recognized now as one of the major German poets, second, perhaps, only to Goethe. Since that he has had a stronger influence in Germany than any other poet, and he has become the point of a reaction against Goethe which, if excessive, will no doubt be salutary. For by his example Goethe confined German poetry for a hundred years to certain themes, the lyric of peasant sentiment, the naturalistic ballad, the "classical" narrative poem. His hatred of metaphysical poetry influenced Germany strongly: he had never succeeded in the *genre* himself, though he attempted it several times. There had been no great metaphysical German poet until in 1918 von Hellingrath discovered Hölderlin.

Hölderlin was born in 1771 of bourgeois parentage, at Lauffen, a small town on the Neckar. He was educated at a Latin school in the neighborhood, and later at Klosterschüle in Denkendorf and Maulbronn, where he was the schoolfellow of Hegel and Schelling. From the last he went to Tubingen and studied theology there as a preparation for entering the Church, but when the time came he felt he could not take the last step. Instead he tried to obtain a lectureship through the intercession of Schiller, but something went wrong, and for a time he earned a scanty living as a tutor to the children of the middle class. In 1795 he entered the household of a certain Herr Gontard, a banker in Frankfort-on-Main, as tutor to his son, and that was destined to be the most decisive step in his life. He fell passionately in love with his employer's wife, the Diotima of the poems, and his passion was returned. She was half-mother, half-mistress to him; it is certain that her influence on him was very strong, and that it was entirely for his good. "My mind goes to school to her," he writes about this time, "and my disrupted spirit is softened and calmed daily in her peace. . . . My feeling for the beautiful is now beyond the reach of any disturbing thing." The phase of passionate love lasted for almost three years. It came to an end in September, 1798, when Gontard ordered the poet out of his house. For the next year and a half Hölderlin lived with his friend and patron, Sinclair, at Homberg, and there his grief abated and some of his greatest poetry was written. But in 1800 he returned to his drudgery and tutored the children of the well-to-do in Stuttgart and Hauptwyl. At last he fled to Bordeaux, where he suddenly became insane. In this state he started on foot to his native place. There is record that on his road—for what reason nobody knows: perhaps he had lost his way—he passed through Arles in the south of France. In the summer of 1804 he reached Germany, ragged, filthy, and with his mind completely deranged. His friend Sinclair took him in; he recovered, and wrote again for almost a year. But in 1805 he relapsed, and for over thirty years he lived as a harmless lunatic in the household of an intelligent joiner in a remote German village; and when he died there he was an old man.

Leaving aside the lyrics of his youth, full of romantic longing and despair, his poetry was metaphysical, that is, in a sane way mystical. It is difficult to fix the character of this mysticism. Unlike Blake's, it is concerned with no other world than this. Unlike Wordsworth's, it reveals in the world only those secrets which have a direct bearing on the normal life of men. This mysticism worked not by depriving the world of any of its reality, but by deepening that reality rather, until it gave a final satisfaction. And it did this by humanizing in a fundamental way nature, history, human institutions and traditions, whether embodied in the ancient laws of the hearth where civilization had its birth, or in religion. In this humanizing process Hölderlin saw the possibility of human fulfilment. It was a way of deepening the world until its full meaning lay revealed, at once in the mind of man and outside. It led him to accept phenomena of all kinds. Thus, he did not abolish the gods, he humanized them, regarding them as real and natural essences, as they must have been perceived by those who saw them for the first time. Bacchus and Hercules had for him this clarity and naturalness; they appeared to him as divine realities which were not out of place in human life. He saw Christ in the same way. He did not interpret Christ; he met Him in imagination on the shores of Galilee and recorded his impressions. He imagined Christ in the flesh, and not as, twisted by the thoughts of men, He was later to become. With this immediacy of vision Hölderlin saw everything he wrote about. He looked at the world as a clear, prescient mind might have done when knowledge and poetry were beginning. He saw the world as it might have existed before men began to think wrongly about it. His utterance had accordingly the weight and the generality of collective rather than individual genius; its virtues and its limitations. Accordingly, his thoughts astonish us not by their originality, but by their greatness. He seemed to stand at the source of everything he wrote about, and to see the different manifestations of things from that point. He saw the family as it was at the beginning, when it expressed purely the human impulse which created it. He looked at the earth with that sincere feeling of divine plenty which made early peoples offer their first fruits to the gods. So he loved most to describe landscapes in which nature and man had lived together, had interpenetrated and enriched each other. He did not love nature for itself, but rather as a creation benevolent to men and sharing a coöperative life with them. And the same with light and air. He found for these always the epithet which marked their benevolent relation to man, which described them as laboring perpetually to make possible man's coöperative labor with them for

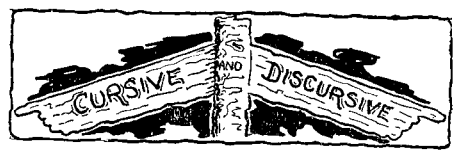
es wuchs durch
Hände der Menschen allein die Frucht nicht.

He humanized history in the same way. The Greeks he regarded as his early kinsmen. Christ, "the brother of Bacchus and Hercules," the friend of John and Peter, was a kinsman, too, an ancestor not far removed. The movements of the human spirit he saw as concrete realities. He saw the mystical awakening of the soul in the immemorial forests of Asia, as clearly as he might have seen these forests themselves awakening at dawn. He watched the radiance visibly moving from India to Greece, from Greece to the figure of Christ. He saw it alighting on "the sacrificial hills of Italy," and passing thence to his own land. And this radiance was not discarnate: it came from Heaven, but it arose also from the earth, and, complete, it was a state felt by men, women and children, the fulfilment of their life. As that he apprehended it more immediately than the poetry and art which were its most lasting manifestations. He had an extraordinary reverence for Greece, but what he reverenced was the being of Greece rather than its religion or its literature. In all the poetry of his maturity he sought for moments of fulfilment, and concentrated on these as the real meaning of human life. To attain fulfilment and live in it was for him the happy end of man and nature alike, the "Vergöttung der Welt." His task as he saw it was accordingly "to bring the gods and men close together," and in his last poems he was concerned with the gods only when they appeared on earth, in history and myth, and behind the forms of nature. His task was the deification of life, and he saw that when life is deified the gods are humanized, and that the fulfilment of life is the dissolution of the divine in the human.

Only in one or two of Hölderlin's poems does the Messianic idea come in, and when it does it is less the symbol of a supernatural life than of the fulfilment and transfiguration of the natural life of men. In this life, however, Hölderlin held that the gods, the powers which nourish the soul, exist as naturally as the earth, which nourishes the body. There was no final division to him between the divine and the human, the human and the natural; and a state of existence which recognized any final division seemed to him a state of misery, because it was forever cut off from fulfilment. Men must be at peace with the gods and with nature, and peace with the one involved peace with the other. In the more secular poems of his later period, accordingly, there is the same atmosphere as in "Patmos." In nature he saw the gods, and in the gods, nature. His descriptive poems like "Brot und Wein," "Die Wanderung," "Der Rhein" and "Germanien" are mystical, just as "Patmos" was naturalistic.

Hölderlin's chief limitation as a poet was that he knew very little of the ordinary life of men. He saw neither their vices nor their humors. He was very sensitive; his life was hard and his inward states were beautiful: it was no wonder that he turned to them later. His vision was thus almost entirely an inward vision; it was intuition checked hardly at all by observation, and accordingly one-sided. But his intuition was extraordinarily sure. He did not see men as they were, it is true; but he did see mankind in one high aspect. In some of his poems he makes us feel that he reveals the true image of man as it might exist undimmed by Time, and as he felt it existed always, though seldom perceived. And with other themes it was the same. He did not paint his own home or any home he knew, but the permanent pattern of the home. He did not describe the landscapes of Germany and Greece, although he loved these most, but the living landscape of the earth. Everything was to him an avenue leading to universal things, the sun, the air, the spirit of nature and of man. Although he knew so little in detail about men, he set them back upon their foundations on those facts which are forever healthy and beautiful.

That is his chief value for Germany today. To the generation of moral and spiritual misery which followed the War he showed the foundations of human dignity and freedom; he appeared as a savior to the younger Germans. They found in him a profound and radical thinker who never was disruptive, a poet not in the modern spirit, but one rather to decide for them what would be modern. Whether his influence will be felt outside Germany as Goethe's was a century ago it is hard to say. He is more limited than Goethe and more difficult to apprehend; he is also more distinctively German. But he is a great poet, and he is today one of the chief spiritual facts in the life of Germany. By us who have lost the substance of progress in the disruption incidental to the pursuit of it, he would be recognized, if he were read, as a great figure. For in a literature which is striking out new paths it is vitally necessary to know whether these paths lead back to the central sources of life from wh[illegible] progress derives its reality; and th[illegible] erlin could tell us. He was an i[illegible] but in going forward to the boun[illegible] perience he went back also to its [illegible] One can only pray that he will be



By The Phoenician

IT takes the editor of a farm daily completely to characterize a writer. The editor of the *Daily Drovers Telegram*, which goes the rounds of the Corn Belt, recently cut loose with the following description of *Homer Croy*, author of "R. F. D. No. 3":

By the way, this gink, as a cub reporter in the town of Maryville, Mo., was so verdant when he came in from the farm that the cows almost bit him. *Billy Chamberlain*, who preceded me as city editor of *The Tribune*, sent Homer to cover the court house at Maryville and Homer is said to have asked him where the court house was located—in the square, of course, but Croy was of the farm farmy. Later I attended a dinner given in Homer's honor at Indianapolis. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Times* was there, and *Capt. Paxton Hibben*, the stormy petrel of the post-war days, parlor Bolshevik, *et al.* Homer had forgotten to take the $8.98 tag off his suit of clothes. It was rich, really rich. We dined in the dungeon of *Tom Taggart's* hotel. Homer ate only ice cream. He had been through the throes of editing the *Baseball Magazine* and other ventures and was planning at that time his motion picture machine tour. Great old Homer—still from Nodaway County, Mo. Not worth a darn as a reporter—good writer—lovable soul. Send me his book. Can lend a local color to it.

Frances Newman furnishes the most recent entertainment for the erudite. Her "The Short Story's Mutations" is a brilliant work. *De Vries* defines the theory of mutation as follows: "According to the theory of mutation, species have not arisen gradually as the result of selection operating for thousands of years. They have arisen from changes that were discontinuous and sudden, however small." As for Miss Newman's selections of examples of the short story that particularly appeal to her, we recommend the reader to the last selection of all, *Paul Morand's* "The Nordic Night"—crisp as the crunch of a radish. It is obvious from a perusal of *Jules Laforgue's* "The Miracle of the Roses" what writer has sired *Aldous Huxley, Ronald Firbank, et al.* But they might have done better to look to Morand. Miss Newman's own comments on her gallery of writers are inordinately witty.

Grace George Last has won the prize offered by the Chicago Bookfellows for the best review of "Ariel: The Life of Shelley," by *André Maurois*. Yes, the last shall be—; but we hope that Miss Last, out on her San Jacinto ranch, perceived how much Maurois owes to *Thomas Jefferson Hogg*, something that the former's adulators seem to have completely overlooked.

Ben Huebsch's new office on Irving Place commands a view of *Washington Irving's* old home; but Ben likes the neighborhood because the Washington Irving High School, the old Academy of Music and the Irving Place Theatre are other neighbors.

Archibald Henderson sends us a most interesting note. Some time ago he and a friend were discussing the "gloomy dean" of Saint Pauls, the Very Rev. *William Ralph Inge*, C.V.O., D.D., F.B.A., etc., etc. Henderson's friend pronounced him *Inge*; Henderson himself happened (thinking about Synge) to pronounce him *Ing*. As Henderson was writing to *Bernard Shaw* about the same time, he asked him to say "officially" how the name was pronounced. He had a characteristic answer—but, uncharacteristically, in verse. "Shaw once said," he writes, "anent 'The Admirable Bashville,' that he *could* write blank verse of quite as high a character as Shakespeare's—and, in fact, *had* done so." He incloses Shaw's poem, the original post card. We give the text herewith:

If you his temper would unhinge
And his most sacred rights infringe,
Or, excommunicated, singe
Where fiends forever writhe and cringe
Imploring that a drop of ginge-
R ale may on their tongues impinge
Address him then as Doctor Inje;
But if you prize the proper thing
Be sure you call him Doctor Ing.
(Unless, your ignorance to screen
You temporize with Mister Dean)
But be advised by me, and cling
To the example of the King
And fearlessly pronounce him Ing.
Then rush to hear him have his fling
In Pauls, and places where they sing.

G. B. S.

The week of January 5th the American Merchant Marine Association of 82 Beaver Street is instituting a Book Drive. Any of our readers who want to get rid of surplus books and send them to that address (not collect) can really lend a hand to sailors. You can henceforward put additional emphasis into your exclamation, "God help the poor sailors on a night like this!" But any kind of books will do, for the sailors see real life and can stand fiction or fact of the most shocking description! Books on farming, golf stick varnishing, peculiar cults, Mah Jong and Coué will amuse them. All books will be read to pieces within six months. So, at least, deposes that eminent mariner and author, *Captain Felix Riesenberg*.

We have received from *William Edwin Rudge* of Mount Vernon, N. Y., whose printing plant we pass every morning and evening on the N. Y., N. H. & H. line, a most engaging brochure, the same being a handbook of easy reference for platform use by speakers and organizers against the evils of tobacco. It is entitled "The Burning Shame of America." The text is by *Richard J. Walsh*, the pictures of *George J. Illian*. This delightful book should be in the hands of all who are now rapidly consuming Christmas cigarettes, cigars, and pipe tobacco. It will add to their enjoyment of the weed.

Vachel Lindsay has composed a "Curse for the Saxophone," recently printed in *Stoddard King's* column out in Spokane, Washington. Stoddard King collaborated upon this masterpiece, an extract from which runs:

When Joshua marched around the walls of Jericho,
He gave his soldiers saxophones and ordered them to blow,
And the great walls shimmied, they shook their shoulders,
Until they were heaps of second-hand boulders.
What did Judas do with his silver thirty pieces?
Bought himself a saxophone and played "The Beale Street Blues."
He taught the tune to Nero, who taught it to his nieces,
And Rome burned down to saxophones that played "The Beale Street Blues."
Now it comes by wireless, and they call it news!

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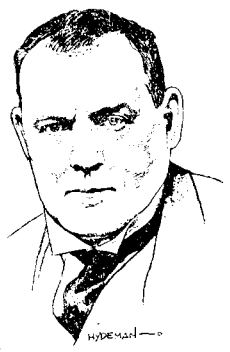
Announcement

***Now that** Christmas is past, it **is the time** for reading books of **memoirs and** history—books which **turn back the** years to reveal lives **and times that** are long since vanished. **Biography** is not what it used **to be. The new** school of biographers **write with the** fascination of great **novelists but** the stories they tell are **true—and** consequently sometimes **stranger than** fiction.*

In this field we can recommend at **least two superb** biographies which **we put forward** not on our own commendation **but** upon that of a public **which has made** them both best sellers **and has** called for printing after **printing.**

Of these the first is THE LIFE **AND TIMES** OF CLEOPATRA by ***Arthur Weigall,*** egyptologist and **archeologist.** For the first time since **the days of** Plutarch, Mr. Weigall **has studied** Cleopatra in the light of **facts and history.** Under his hand **the romantic** and sometimes silly myths which have obscured the real greatness of the woman have been cleared away and the Egyptian Queen appears in a new role. She was not, as legend would have us believe, a fascinating Hollywood vamp. On the contrary she was rather a plain woman, small in stature, with a strange fascination for men. Contrary to the favorite stories she did not seduce the great *Julius Caesar.* It was quite the other way round. She came to him, wrapped in a mattress and carried by a faithful slave, in order to escape death by her enemies, to seek his aid. *Caesar,* then an old man of fifty, brilliant, dissipated, famous, became her first lover while she was still a young girl of seventeen. Under him she learned carefully the business of politics and government; and from then on her career was not so much that of a wanton woman as a clever and scheming politician who sought by every power to unite Rome and Egypt and make Alexandria the capital of the world. She spoke the seventeen languages of the people over whom she ruled. She was a good and ambitious mother, a faithful wife in turn to *Caesar* and *Antony.* She only failed because the circumstances against her were too powerful. The book is illustrated and sells at five dollars.

The other book is MARIE ANTOINETTE by that most brilliant **of writers,** *Hilaire Belloc.* He, too, **approaches his** subject with a new **point of view.** He too sees his heroine **as the** victim of circumstances **bred and on** their way long before **the ill-fated day** that the daughter of **the great** *Maria Theresa* was greeted **in Strasbourg** by *de Rohan* as the **new Dauphine.** This biography of **Mr.** ***Belloc*** **reads like the most fascinating of novels. It is safe to say that you will suffer a terrible agony of suspense in the closing chapters when the fate of the pitiful, once proud and foolish, Queen, hung upon the success of the foreign armies** coming to save her. **Few pictures** are more tragic than **that painted** by Belloc of the faded **Queen, wife of** one great royal house **and daughter** of another, dragged to **the scaffold** with no more ado than **if she had** been a common criminal. **Scarcely less** fascinating are the **other characters** in the drama . . . **the figures of** the ill-omened *de Rohan,* **the** adventuress *Lamotte,* the **aging and broken** *Dubarry,* the heroic ***Mirabeau,*** the gentle and ineffectual ***Lafayette.*** Indeed Mr. *Belloc* on **his great canvas** has done a vivid **picture of a period** in history which **for color,** interest and emotion has **no r** e book is illustrated **with** uments and sells for **vide**



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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL. By *Nicholas Murray Butler.* Scribners. $2.50.

A STUDY OF THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. By *Evelyn M. Simpson.* Oxford. $5.

LOTUSES OF THE MAHAYANA. Edited by *Kenneth Saunders.* Dutton. $1.25.

THE DUST OF SEVEN DAYS. By *Dugald Stewart Walker.* Kansas City: Fowler.

WHEN MR. PICKWICK WENT FISHING. By *Samuel W. Lambert.* Brick Row Bookshop.

HOMER. By *Thomas W. Allen.* Oxford. $6.

FANTASIES AND IMPROMPTUS. By *James Agate.* Dutton. $3.

Biography

THE ROMANTIC RISE OF A GREAT AMERICAN. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. Harpers. 1924. $2.

Beyond question the late John Wanamaker bulked largely enough in the affairs of his time to demand a biography—one by Herbert Adams Gibbons is promised—but this, as Dr. Conwell modestly notes, does not pretend to be more than an outline sketch. "My task," says the author, "is not writing a biography, but to tell the story of my friend, John Wanamaker, whose business was intended to be a daily benefaction, and whose amazing success was in itself a benediction on the rising generation." That sufficiently characterizes the book, in more than one respect. It is a tribute of friendship, of glowing appreciation. Nevertheless something very like a full length portrait of the subject emerges, though perhaps not quite to the effect intended by the author. Very much of the book is, wisely, given to extracts from Mr. Wanamaker's own speeches, and conversations, which are often highly self-revelatory. It shows a man of great shrewdness and business acumen, energetic, tirelessly at work with a single-minded energy. It also shows a character commoner in a somewhat earlier day than even in his own time, of simple, uncogitating piety, and genuinely serene belief in a moderately humanized Presbyterianism. These two elements make the man—whose first important employment was as a secretary of the then very new Y. M. C. A., whose Sunday School and Bible class work remained a primary interest throughout his life, and whose commercial talent (combined with the great opportunities of his period) enabled him to build up one of the largest businesses of the country.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS. By *Marie D. Gorgas* and *Burton J. Hendrick.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

LOLA MONTEZ. By *Edmund B. d'Auvergne.* Brentano's.

ORIGINAL LETTERS, ETC., OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF AND HIS FRIENDS. By *James White.* Harpers.

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN. By *Clave-Bigham.* Dutton. $5.

STRENUOUS AMERICANS. By *R. F. Dibble.* Boni & Liveright. $3.

LORD LISTER. By *Sir Rickman John Godlee.* Third Edition. Oxford.

Business

THE COMMON SENSE OF MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By *M. S. Rukeyser.* Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

FACTORY LAY-OUT: Planning and Progress. By *W. J. Hiscox.* Pitman.

Drama

A RABBIT AND A LEG. Collected Plays by RICHARD HUGHES. Knopf. 1924. $2.

The jacket on this book does not exaggerate when it states "The combination of mental horror with sheer beauty in his tragedies is rarely seen."

In the first play in the book, "The Sisters' Tragedy" we are told that John Masefield became so interested that he gave its first production in his own home. It is easy to understand Masefield's interest in the play for one feels in it—although in no sense reminiscent—much of the tragic mood of Masefield's "Nan"—its beauty of language, sparse, terse, nervous, simple, its poetic flight held to earth by its forthrightness. It is the story of a young girl taking literally the sort of things that are ever on the lips of the truly religious! *On the lips,* but the poor foolish, logical girl thinks that such came from the heart. It was a superb piece of work for a youngster of twenty-one to turn out at a single sitting. No wonder the career of this young Oxonian of Welsh descent is being watched by those who care for the future of the Drama.

"The Man Who Was Born to Be Hung" was produced in England. It would be interesting to see it put on here, interesting to see whether our worship at the shrine of the Moscow Players has emotionally educated us into relishing the dour, pungent, quality of this drab play of the Underworld. The Play "Danger" is not to be seen, but, to be heard. It claims the honor of being the first play to be written for the Radio, and we fancy it is admirably adapted to be enjoyed through the ears without help of the eyes. We do not know much of the future of the Radio play, but it is to be hoped that it will train an audience to demand of the actors of the regular stage a clear and easily understood diction!

The longest play in the volume, "A Comedy of Good and Evil," has an original theme and some interesting and quaint moments, but we do not think it can be as satisfactory on the boards as in the hand. We fear that what reads as comedy would on the stage turn into farce, and the imagination is not the kind that is heightened by production. Now that is almost as bad as to say that the effect of a Symphony played upon the piano is not heightened by hearing it rendered by an orchestra. No art is great than can be translated into another medium without serious loss. A play is written for the stage and if the printed page can give you all of a play, it is not a great play. The author himself is aware of this, for in his Note he says: "The Reader is asked to remember that the dialogue is written for the stage rather than for the study, and to employ his visual imagination as much as possible.

SIX PLAYS. By *Rachel Lyman Field.* Scribners. $1.25.

MODERN PLAYS. By *Frederick Honk Law.* Century. $1.50.

Economics

MINERS' WAGES AND THE COST OF COAL. By *Isador Lubin.* McGraw-Hill.

Education

LA PERLE NOIRE. By *Victorien Sardou.* Century. 90 cents.

HISTORY OF THE PHILIPPINES. By *David P. Barrows.* World Book Co. $1.60.

DAY SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WORKERS. By *Franklin J. Keller.* Century.

Fiction

THE TREBLE CLEF. By EDWARD C. BOOTH. Dodd, Mead. 1924. $2.50.

In a style somewhat heavily burdened with large words, Edward C. Booth tells a simple, dignified story of Yorkshire in the late '80's. The flow of his language is easy and sonorous, so that his habit of always seeking the most difficult word for the smallest object soon ceases to bother one. There is no plot at all, for which the author of this and of "The Tree of the Garden" has our gratitude: it is just a fragment of life, complete in itself as a recapturing of a young boy's growth during a year wherein his household suffers changes that alter his existence. Possibly Mr. Booth intends to continue the story of Oswald Holmroyd, as Compton Mackenzie carried on Michael Fane through many novels.

From a state of ideal happiness, Mrs. Holmroyd is forced by the death of her husband, a poor architect, to earn a living for herself and two children. She removes from her home town of Clothton to Daneborough, having exhausted her slender resources paying debts left by her too idealistic husband, and sets up a little school for sickly children unable to attend the public school, baking and selling pork pies over the week ends; and through delivering them, Oswald becomes known as the Sausage Boy. She has little before her save the future of Oswald and Beryl, being disconsolate at the death of her husband. Later on, Beryl dies, and Mrs. Holmroyd's little school falls apart, and things look hopeless. It is because of her ambition for Oswald that she at length yields to the repeated proposals of Councillor Burford, an uneducated groceryman who is in line for Mayor, accepting him and his disagreeable daughter for the money that will come for Oswald. The book ends on a note of mingled beauty and pathos, with little Oswald sturdily promising himself that he will strive toward his Great Ideal: to "build dreams bright enough

(*Continued on next page*)

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Can you imagine standardization, state regulation brought to perfection? Here is a powerful satire in which the social organization is seen functioning with all the rigidity of a machine with every action, even the most intimate, regulated—until a number of imperfect beings develop the germs of emotion, imagination, in short of a *soul.* The author found it impossible to publish the work in Communistic Russia.

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By LOUIS FORGIONE

A blindingly vivid and forcible picture of the life of an Italian-American workman, of the Slav boarding-house where he lives, of the shipyard where he works, of the waterfront—in terms so elemental that it is absolutely unforgetable. The book expresses the genuine emotions of a class usually inarticulate.

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From "Nursery Chairs"

I'm a great big lion in my cage,
And I often frighten Nanny with my roar;
Then I hold her very tight, and
Tell her not to be so frightened—
And she doesn't be so frightened any more.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

to fill his solitude and make him independent of the illusive pleasures of this outer world."

The author's study of the Yorkshire character and dialect may, without too much presumption, be compared with the Wessex delineations of Thomas Hardy. Mr. Booth slips easily into the garments of each of his characters and surveys things through their minds, rather than superficially presenting them to the reader. There is a certain quiet humor in his depiction of some minor characters. The story itself is built up slowly and humanly, with humor and pathos intermingled.

THE FLOWER BENEATH THE FOOT. By Ronald Firbank. Brentano's. 1924. $2.

"Neither Her Gaudiness the Mistress of the Robes, or Her Dreaminess the Queen were feeling quite themselves."

With this astonishing sentence has Mr. Firbank seen fit to start the writing called "The Flower Beneath the Foot," and perhaps, unhappy ladies, it is entirely to be understood why they weren't. Possibly for one thing they were both well grounded in grammar, although there is really nothing to prove it in the book in which they figure.

Her Majesty, however, of Pisuerga (a nation we are asked to believe, and situated from the evidence well within Sir Richard Burton's Sotadic Zone) and her lightly sketched husband, King Willie, though seldom quite literate, are at any rate the pleasantest characters amid their *entourage* and are at times even mildly amusing. Very mildly. They appear and disappear with their guests, a monarch and his consort from Dateland (a nation too, perhaps, and lying in the the same latitudes), and show a harmless vacuity of mind that does not irritate. Though, mark you, it does not stimulate. Their son, His Weariness, is a dull boy. Happily he seldom appears. Then there is Mademoiselle de Nazianzi, a maid of honor, Mademoiselle Blumenghast, another, the Countess of Tolga, Bachir, a flower boy, and others, each of whom is in his or her quiet way a pervert of confirmed and sapient practice.

But what is the book about? What do the characters do beside indulge their little failings or what do they think or say? Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. It is barely conceivable that Firbank has done this thing because he has read the "South Wind" of Norman Douglas and admired it. It recalls "South Wind," but so faintly as to make the association almost imperceptible. Pisuerga, now and then a character, perhaps stir a chord of memory, Nepenthe, the young Jewish geologist,—but where "South Wind" is a masterpiece of genial and unlicensed brilliance, "The Flower Beneath the Foot" is,—well, what is it?

A monstrous collection of double meanings not at all less fetid than the parbrake of a poisoned animal? Yes, perhaps. If the book be read at a sitting, the reader (poor mad thing) must occasionally throw open wide the windows and cry aloud to Heaven for just one page, one line, one phrase, of good honest smut; for the *amours* of Tom Jones with Molly Seagrin and Mrs. Waters, for Panurge, for any frank obscenity. But he won't get it.

"The Flower Beneath the Foot" may indeed be a flower, but it blooms with a furtive nastiness, slightly nauseating to contemplate, and its blossom is an exceedingly dull one. It will never, never do, and it were best buried. In mud, let us say, blue mud, and left thereafter strictly and entirely alone.

Pawning To-morrow. By *J. W. Broadwood.* London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Best Tales of Poe. Edited by *Sherwin Cody.* (Modern Library). Boni & Liveright. 95 cents.

Something Lighter. By *J. O. P. Bland.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Broken Bridges. By *S. J. Levy.* Published by the author, 820 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn. $2.50.

Government

THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE. By Joseph-Barthelemy. Authorized translation by J. Bayard Morris. Brentano's. 1924.

The government and institutions of France, more nearly like those of English-speaking peoples than the organization of many other important nations, have yet sufficient differences in character and working to make comprehension and sympathetic judgment not easy in America and in England. Some of the older standard accounts, accurate enough in exposition of data, were marred by interpretation derived largely from considering Anglo-Saxon institutions. Of recent years this has been less so, but there was advantage in having Poincaré's simple, authoritative treatment that appeared under the title "How France Is Governed" in 1914. That work, however, was originally for instruction of French children. In 1919 appeared a fuller and more advanced description of Joseph-Barthélemy, who was already well known for writings about French institutions and various political problems, especially for his treatise on administrative law. The volume was shortly recognized as the best brief account of the government of France. Now the clear and capable translation by Mr. Morris includes also changes and additions, in respect of recent alterations in the French constitution, based upon information supplied by the author.

Problems of Citizenship. By *Hayes Baker-Crothers* and *Ruth Allison Hudnut.* Holt.

Juvenile

CAPTAIN JIM MASON. By Elmer Russell Gregor. Appleton. 1924. $1.75.

Mr. Gregor is now a seasoned writer for boys, having a number of Western and Eastern Indian stories to his credit. The adventures of his "Jim Mason" as backwoodsman and scout have already been recounted. Jim is a trusted friend of the Mohawks in the Colonial era. In the present romance of frontier life the old scout earns new laurels after many thrilling adventures. Gregor's stories are fit successors to the old-time yarns of Edward S. Ellis.

BOYS' GAMES AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By Edith Stow. Dutton. 1924. $1.50.

Boy Scout masters and teachers will find this book a help in reviving these old games and sports, but it is a pity that it has not been made more readable for the boys themselves. Both writing and illustrations bear too much the stamp of text book to make a wide appeal.

Miscellaneous

WALKER'S RHYMING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Revised and Enlarged by J. Longmuir. Dutton. 1924. $3.50.

Here is a new edition of a standard work as indispensable to poets as Roget's Thesaurus. Here is the whole English language arranged according to its terminations. There is also an index of allowable rhymes. The words *ending* and *beginning* with the letters A, B, C, etc., will be found under those letters in the alphabetical arrangement of the book, a reverse order of arrangement that quickly becomes entirely familiar to the delver in rhymes. We welcome this valuable old reference book in its new spruce dress. It is one of the volumes that are necessary to every complete reference shelf.

A DICTIONARY OF SIMILES. By Frank J. Wilstach. Little, Brown. 1924. $4.

Mr. Wilstach has enlarged his famous dictionary and revised its contents. The "addenda" are interesting, and Mr. Wilstach's draught on so many new authors as well as old has brought much epigrammatic contemporary characterization to light. "Gurgling like the last pint of suds in a sink," says Irvin Cobb; "greedily as a Puritan hunting vice," supplies Lawrence Gilman; "harmless, like a rubber rabbit," burbles Nina Wilcox Putnam. There are all sorts and conditions of similes, the heap increased by many jewels that sparkle no less iridescently than those in the original array. This dictionary is the only one of its kind, and likely to remain so, as its editing could hardly be surpassed in acumen. A necessary and also an entertaining reference book!

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK. Edited by Isabel Ely Lord. Holt. 1924. $5 net.

Compiled from the records of the School of Household Sciences and Arts of Pratt Institute, this bulky volume with its over 3,400 tested recipes and pages of general instruction and definition, should be a boon to the young housekeeper or, for the matter of that, to the veteran. Its source is assurance of the value of its material, and its editing is of such character as to render its matter easily usable by the veriest tyro. The recipes are chosen not alone with regard to wide variety but to economy, and are presented in simple and exact fashion. The kitchen shelf that boasts it among its possessions will be well provided.

Speaking of Books

"Locofocoism"—

that most interesting political development of the disastrous period from 1837 to 1844—is only one of the subjects touched upon by Mr. McGrane in his comprehensive study of the panic of 1837. He takes up the causes of the panic, its industrial and financial aspects, and its industrial and political results. The discussion centers largely about the struggle over the United States Bank, and involves such famous men as Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and Nicholas Biddle, whose personal papers Mr. McGrane uses with such good effect as a part of his authentic source material. *The Panic of* 1837. By Reginald Charles McGrane. $2.00, postpaid $2.10.

Dumping

is a practice of long standing in international trade and creates a problem comparable in importance to that of maintaining standards of competition in domestic trade. This volume is a calm, analytical study: free from exaggerated fears, but insistent that legitimate interests be properly protected. It is the first thorough discussion of dumping in its economic and legal aspects.

Dumping: A Problem in International Trade. By Jacob Viner. $3.00, postpaid $3.12.

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Codes of Ethics. By *Edgar L. Heermanee.* Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Printing Co.

The Dickens Encyclopedia. By *Arthur L. Hayward.* Dutton. $6.

Railway Electrification. By *H. F. Trewman.* Pitman. $7.50.

The Tale of Our Merchant Ships. By *Charles E. Cartwright.* Dutton. $3.

Foster's Circle-Word Puzzles. By *R. F. Foster.* Dodd, Mead. $1.

North America: An Historical, Economic and Regional Geography. By *Ll. Rodwell Jones* and *P. W. Bryan.* Dial. $5.

Meal Planning and Table Service. By *N. Beith Bailey,* Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. $2.

The New International Encyclopedia. Supplement. Vols. 24 and 25. Edited by *Frank Moore Colby.* Dodd, Mead.

Contemporary Music. By *Cecil Gray.* Oxford.

The New Music. By *George Dyson.* Oxford. $2.85.

Poetry

HELEN AND OTHERS. By Marina Wister. Macmillan. 1924. $2.

Miss Wister, who is the daughter of the novelist, Owen Wister, displays a discreet sensitivity toward the more patently æsthetic aspects of life in "Helen and Others" that results in versified laudation of Chaliapin, Pauline Lord, Rachmaninoff, Fokina, Charles Gilpin, Jeritza, Katchaloff, John and Lionel Barrymore, and Joseph Schildkraut. It is all done with an instinctive command of graceful melody and workmanlike rhyme. After noting the unmistakably sincere and intelligent gestures of a cultured mind that has yet to find itself as a personality and which reaches one of its high points in a poem [illegible] of Troy wherein the reader's infa[illegible] that clangorous armies met a[illegible] the strange sea-color" of her [illegible]ed, there is nothing more to [illegible]

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LITERARY CRITICISM IN THE RENAISSANCE

By J. E. Spingarn

Sometime Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. 5th impression. 1925. pp. xi+350. $2.50

The essay is divided into three sections: Italian criticism from Dante to Tasso, French criticism from Du Bellay to Boileau, and English criticism from Ascham to Milton. The main theme is the critical activity of the sixteenth century, particularly of the Italian theorists and commentators whom the author considers the founders of modern criticism.

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For example:

SIR A. MAURICE LOW'S review of William Allen White's "Wilson."

JULIAN S. HUXLEY'S review of Kammerer's "Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS' review of Allan Nevins' "The American States During and After the Revolution."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S review of H. D.'s "Heliodora and Other Poems."

CAPT. FELIX RIESENBERG'S review of Joanna Colcord's "Roll and Go."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD'S review of "The Letters of Archie Butt."

CHARLES H. HASKINS' review of Charles Oman's "A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages."

IDA M. TARBELL'S review of Copley's "Frederick W. Taylor, Father of Scientific Management."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

CONFLICTS WITH OBLIVION. By WILBUR C. ABBOTT. (Yale University Press.)

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. Third Series. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Houghton Mifflin.)

BLACK CAMEOS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. (A. & C. Boni.)

O. S. P., speaking for a study club, asks for advice on recent autobiographies of writers.

THE attraction in this line is, of course, "Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Harper). One of the sights of the season has been the horde of earnest youths in tortoiseshells tearing through its pages to see if Van Wyck Brooks was right. As a complete surprise, some of its guns have been spiked, but it remains one of the few books that can carry a reader through two thick volumes without slackening his sympathy or interest. Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story" (Huebsch) takes what may seem a random path, but pursues it with the sure tread of one who knows his way. All in all, it seems to me the most American book I have read in years of reading. Jim Tully wrote a novel, "Emmett Lawlor," but his "Beggars of Life" (A. & C Boni) is no author's autobiography but a kaleidoscope of tramp life, crowded hours from an underworld. It will, of course, be compared with Gorky's personal records, and there is a new one of these for purposes of comparison, "Fragments from My Diary" (McBride). Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain" (Doran) reads like a long Limehouse Night; this is one of the best of the life-stories of comparatively young men that have lately been forming a new type of British biography. Stephen McKenna's "While I Remember" (Doran) is one written during the political upheavals making a new England, but the most powerful is "Episodes Before Thirty," by Algernon Blackwood (Dutton). One has in reading this a curious feeling that *now* Mr. Blackwood will be able to sleep nights. "Ocean Echoes," by Arthur Mason (Holt), is the story of the sailor who wrote "The Flying Bo'sun" (Holt) and the jolly tales of "The Cook and the Captain Bold" (Atlantic Monthly Press); his own story is wilder than anything he has invented. The life-story of "Pascal d'Angelo: Son of Italy" (Macmillan) must have been called out by demands such as have so often come to me, for further information about the "pick-and-shovel poet," who can say while still performing with these instruments, "All my works [with these] are lost forever. But if I write a good line of poetry—then when the night comes and I cease writing, my work is not lost."

If I am especially taken with Rheta Childe Dorr's "A Woman of Fifty" (Funk & Wagnalls) it is not only for its personal sincerity but because to an extent that perhaps younger readers may not realize, she has succeeded in setting down the life of a generation of women set apart from all that went before, even in America, and already scarce closer to the one that is taking its place. These are the women whose grandchildren will understand them. The book breathes, and I advise any woman to read it. "Herself and the Houseful," by T. A. Daly (Harcourt, Brace), the most amusing of the year's autobiographies, tells the fun and otherwise of being a poet with a large family.

Open John St. Loe Strachey's "The River of Life" (Putnam) anywhere and you come upon something that catches the attention, whether his insistence that "something must be done, and very soon, about Italian cats," and its glimpse of the cat's background in world civilization, or the little girl's cry at the story of the Flood—"Oh, naughty God!" In a way it continues "The Adventure of Living," but the connection is mainly that it makes you reread that work. "Memories and Friends" is another autobiographical report from A. C. Benson (Putnam), in a series of stories of famous Britons, moving for the most part quietly but with flashes of characteristic anecdote—Henry James saying of his approaching death, "So it's come at last—the distinguished thing!", or Warre of Eton's idea of liberty, which as reported by a friend was that "everyone should have a vote and that all the votes should be given in his favor." I have already spoken of Conan Doyle's "Memories and Adventures" (Little, Brown); it marches from the moment his uproarious proceedings as assistant to a quack-doctor begin, and makes fine reading—aloud. So does "Recollections of a Happy Life," by Maurice Francis Egan (Doran), one of the most graceful and friendly of records, and one especially interesting to Philadelphians, to Catholics, and to admirers of the works of Lord Frederic Hamilton. There are two admirable books from newspaper men just from the press: "Memoirs of an Editor," by S. P. Mitchell (Scribner) and "Forty Years in Newspaperdom," by Milton McRae (Brentano). They are good even of their kind, and their kind is mighty good reading.

A. S. C. (no address) asks for books from which to build a program for the study of Canada.

FOR description, with many pictures from coast to coast, John T. Faris's "Seeing Canada" (Lippincott), and the volume on "Canada and Newfoundland," in Frank Carpenter's admirable series of world travels (Doubleday, Page). These are both new and accurate enough for guide-books. "The *Times* Book of Canada," published by the *London Times*, is a little red volume I keep on hand, and this program committee will do well to do so; it makes a good ground-plan. Curran and Calkins traveled for eight months by canoe, motor-boat, and dog-sledge on the rivers of the north and the shore of Hudson Bay, and made an illustrated record in "In Canada's Wonderful Northland" (Putnam). Hulbert Footner's "New Rivers of the North" (Doran) is especially valuable to the student of future trade conditions. "Westward with the Prince of Wales" (Appleton) is by the novelist W. D. Newman, who accompanied the Prince on his former visit and writes vivaciously. "Isles of Eden," by Laura Lee Davidson (Minton, Balch), is a series of essay-sketches of a vacation in the French-Canadian lake country, in which two women with the gift of getting along with people get into the lives of a shy but friendly folk and take a delighted reader with them; the book has charm. "The Laurentians," by T. Morris Longstreth (Century), which describes and pictures the country of Maria

(*Continued on next page*)

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New York Times. $2.50

The Beauty of the Purple
William Stearns Davis

"Of them all—it is doubtful if there is any that can exceed THE BEAUTY OF THE PURPLE in the magnificence of its setting, the power of its emotional appeal, the interest of its narrative, the essentially romantic nature of its story."
Literary Digest International Book Review. $2.50

Arnold Waterlow
May Sinclair

"May Sinclair has in her ARNOLD WATERLOW: A LIFE achieved the greatest artistic success of her career. The characters are flesh and blood. The description of child life in the early chapters may without hesitation be compared with the beginning of *David Copperfield. Arnold Waterlow* is the novel of 1924."
The Chicago Tribune $2.50

Matilda, Governess of the English
Sophia Cleugh

"For humor of plot, of character of lines, for sheer delight in the reading, there is not, in this reviewer's opinion, one novel in the autumn list, which can touch MATILDA. Matilda is an irresistible and exasperating heroine."
Woman's Home Companion $2.50

La Roux
Johnston Abbott

"Like all truly great romances, for instance like *Maria Chapdelaine*, which it somewhat resembles—LA ROUX is a plain tale, plainly told, but it clings to the tendrils of your heart as a mother's words. We are convinced that *La Roux* will be one of the outstanding books of the year."
Boston Herald. $2.25

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Points of View

Defining Romance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Frank Swinnerton, in your issue of October 18, tries to define romance,—and nearly does it. May I have a try at filling out his definition?

Swinnerton believes that true romance is not essentially a thing of unfamiliar happenings and scenes of some far remoteness in either time or place, but that it is life itself, romantic because the author (Conrad in his illustration) "believed and makes us believe in the importance and reality of those actions and scenes which he describes," no matter when or where they occur.

So far, good. But this, in my opinion, falls just short of defining the essence of romance: of letting us into the philosophy that is behind the artistry of one writer, making his work true romance, and *not* behind that of another whose work thereupon shapes as realism or as some phase of the established which we call classical.

This philosophical secret behind romance is, I believe, a sense of the worth of life. The realist, you say, has that? Let us say, then, a feeling of the worth and transcendence of life.

This sense is often unconscious on the part of the author himself; it frequently appears as an overtone or, shall we say, as a fourth dimension shaping the work almost in spite of its expressed philosophy. Take Conrad—since Swinnerton has taken him. Conrad's prevailing theme is supposed to be the ironies of life. Yet his men are after all greater than the events which happen to them. If Conrad, in "Victory," had not felt an enormous significance in Heyst's fastidious chivalry, he could not so have made it the fabric of his story. For the cultivated Seyst to have lived the life of a picturesque failure in eastern seas was not significant in spite of the exotic setting and the irony of the situation. Nor even for Heyst, the cynic, to have refused life and then had it thrust upon him. But for Heyst to have possessed a spiritual quality which, meeting its likeness in a sordid woman musicianer, drew her to his level and in its little hour made them transcend fate in their mutual recognition—this is true romance. And Conrad's title, "Victory," advertises the fact.

So with "Lord Jim." In the completeness of Jim's spiritual victory is lost all sense of the irony of fate. And if the drama of his conquest of physical fear had played itself out in some New England village as a conquest of mortal shyness, the significance would be the same.

Whatever Conrad's apparent preoccupation with the fatalisms of existence, it is in suggesting the glory of this human transcendence of the natural that he again and again gets his effect.

And so, I believe, does every true romantic.

The other night I saw in the movies Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Lon Chaney. (No doubt I was the only remaining person in the United States who had not seen it. 'Tis usually thus!) The thought that leaped at me as I saw it was: this is true romance; this is Victor Hugo at his greatest. The impossibly goody goodness of the priest and of Esmeralda and the equally impossible badness of Johan in the representation, went for nothing. The hunchbacked soul looked out of the eyes of Lon Chaney and grew to noble stature while I looked, and believed. I *had* to believe. True romance is that which makes us, in spite of appearance, of doubt, discouragement and cynical reality, believe and rejoice in the transcendence of the human soul.

This is no mushroom doctrine of mine. Let us take the usual recourse to the Greeks.

Aristotle's canon of fictional art was a humanness which made the auditor identify himself with the hero in pity and in fear, and a greatness of hero and event which made him significant; that is, a greatness which stretched ordinary human limitation in a degree which we could believe in and go with.

In short, Aristotle believed that the fictionist should make us marvel at the possibilities of human nature in the grip of circumstance.

Remember that the classical of our day was the romantic of theirs. A head "unbowed by time or fate" was a daring conception. Hence, the Greek does not go too far, and so we call him classical. But I believe that in the degree in which, since that day, transcending human qualities have emerged, connoting to man his wings, *i.e.*, a certain independence of time and fate, in that degree true romance has pointed the way to the human soul and will continue to point. Kipling has said it all in that great poem, "To the True Romance."

Carmel, Calif. CLAIRE BOTKIN.

Dickens as Physician

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I wonder if the readers of the *Review* have ever looked upon Charles Dickens as a physician? . . .

All will agree that Dickens was a man with considerable powers of observation. It will be interesting to note that this statement is handsomely, and even enthusiastically supported in the *British Medical Journal*. In it writes one Dr. C. G. Strachan, with expert admiration of the way in which Charles Dickens described in "Great Expectations," the illness from which Mrs. Joe Gargery suffered as a result of being struck on the back of the head by an unknown assailant.

Dickens's account of the effect produced on the unfortunate lady may be found in the novel itself. The point which has evoked Dr. Strachan's very interesting tribute, is the accuracy with which Dickens described clinical details of her condition at a time when physicians themselves had not the knowledge of cerebral surgery which would have enabled them to define and explain her symptoms. The language of Dickens is, naturally, that of the layman, but Dr. Strachan goes over the case in detail and shows how the novel faithfully represents the symptoms which would now be recognized as a natural consequence, to use the doctor's own words—"of a widespread lesion of the posterior aspect of the brain."

The explanation is that Mrs. Gargery's illness was one which Dickens observed in real life. "The extreme accuracy of the description shows him to have been possessed of powers of medical observation far in advance of the clinicians of his days." This will be very pleasant reading to those who hold that great writers really see more than the vast tide of humanity, and sometimes see it more clearly than those who have been trained to look for it.

Yours very truly,

MAURICE E. BALK.

Chicago, Ill.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Chapdelaine, has been followed by "The Lake Superior Country" (Century), which is, as nearly as a book can make it possible, taking the actual journey through this wilderness, meeting Indians, oldest inhabitants and lighthousemen. "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada" is one of the publications of the Toronto house of McClelland & Stewart, to whom and to the excellent Public Library at Toronto it would be well to write for information about Canadian authors and their books: their number is far greater than most people in the United States realize, and includes names that we may have been claiming for this side of the line. An article on Canadian literature appeared in the *Saturday Review* on December 20.

Racial and national problems, so important in the present and future of Canada, appear in more than one book. "The Evolution of Franch Canada" (Macmillan) is by Jean Ch. Bracq, whose "France Under the Republic" (Scribner) is still one of the most lucid accounts of the conditions out of which the French Republic came and under which it functions. "The French in the Heart of America," by John H. Finley (Scribner), and "When Canada Was New France," by G. H. Locke (McBride), should be included, and "The Clash!" by W. H. Moore (Dutton), a study in nationalities.

There is a new holiday edition of "Marie Chapdelaine" (Macmillan), that with illustrations in pen-and-ink and page decorations in tint makes the first attempt to give the heroine of Hémon's tale a picture other than in words. And the lover of Hémon should know that his "My Fair Lady" (Macmillan) has short stories second only to his novel, though some of them may disturb the idea some people have that he must have shared the religious fervor and certainty of a community he so well understood.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page 436*)

THE END OF FIAMMETTA. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. Holt. 1924. $2.50.

Mrs. Taylor has the distinction of being included in one of Quiller-Couch's anthologies, doubtless from her "Poems," 1904. She has also written "Rose and Vine," "The Hours of Fiammetta," and a study of certain aspects of the Italian Renaissance.

Her poetry shows a scholarly and cultivated mind; weaned on Scotch ballads, her hand achieves a somewhat studied excellence of technique. The heart wars with the mind through her verse in high romantic fashion:

Woman am I?—I am not sure.
A muse, a spirit, a lover in vain!
My heart is broken, the shards are pure.
There's a deathless diamond in my brain.

So begins "The Scholar-Lady's Complaint," and on the very next page we come upon the powerful:

Between the stones I have been ground,
Upon the loom I have been wound,
Upon the wheel I have been bound;
There is no more to say.

We have opened the volume in the middle and these quotations illustrate the virtues of Mrs. Taylor's work. But to read "The End of Fiammetta" throughout, tracing in red thread on the loom of this poet's singing the laborious argument of love, is to feel one's interest flag and tire. There are moments of passionate protest from which emerges verse which almost justifies the effusive *London Morning Post* in saying: "She takes her place in the singing sisterhood with Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti." But a more judicial study of this volume must surely considerably modify that appraisal, a loose classification at best. "Versing and loving" was she born—Rachel Annand. She has a decidedly acute ear for the rhythms of noble verse, and at times a braw Scots tongue, and she has the rich old ballad background and a mind sometimes lit by furious fancies. But her execution is very uneven. She can strike out a genuinely fine and original verse such as:

There's an end to the duel long fought in the Dark,
In the dangerous moonlighted Past,
Monseigneur, my God, a chivalrous lady
Surrenders at last.

And she can also wail tediously through lesser verses. We place her work with that of Margaret L. Woods. Both poets have written much—somewhat too much—have merited encomia and have received it—and a selection from the very best of both would display them as finer poets than their age has yet, perhaps, discerned. But also, they fail of the heights.

MAVERICKS. By EARL H. EMMONS. Oswald Publishing Co. 1924.

This is a volume of western poems in dialect. The verse is neither more distinguished nor less distinguished than the average of its type; it is realistic somewhat as Robert Service is realistic, and deals with elemental characters much after the manner of Bret Harte; but it has the fire and energy neither of Harte nor of Service. Most of Mr. Emmons's work, indeed, could more properly be designated doggerel than poetry; and this despite William Francis Hooker's confident introductory prediction that "it is a book which will live." The following lines, selected virtually at random, are typical of the author's style:

I have seen some mighty actors in some great and grippin' parts,
Which could drive you dang near loco with their mellerdramatic arts;
But for wranglin' men's emotions to the ultimate degree
None could touch old Sandy Hanson singin' "You'll Remember Me."

THE SWALLOW BOOK. By *Ernst Toller*. Oxford. 85 cents.

POEMS. By *Charlton Miner Lewis*. Yale. $1.50.

FLAME AND DUST. By *Vincent Starrett*. Covici.

THE IRON STRING. By *Albert Draves*. Dorrance.

VOICES OF THE WIND. By *Virginia McCormick*. White.

CHRISTCHURCH. By *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*. Seltzer.

COLUMN POETS. Edited by *Keith Preston*. Covici.

THE POINTED PEOPLE. By *Rachel Lyman Field*. Yale. $1.25.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON POEMS. First Series. Selected and Edited by *Glenn Hughes*. Seattle: University of Washington Press. $1.75.

DRIFTED LEAVES. By *Hugh Erwin*. Marmor Book and Art Shop, 832-6th Ave., N. Y. 50 cents.

A FAR LAND. By *Martha Ostenso*. Seltzer. $1.50.

Religion

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By ALICE MEYNELL. London: The Medici Society. 1924.

This beautiful volume illustrated with eight plates in color by R. Anning Ball, R.A., is a fine memorial of the late Alice Meynell. The book was first published in 1912. It begins with the words of the gospels, dealing with Mary, and proceeds with a discussion of "Mary in the Scriptures," of "The Virgin, "The Mother," tradition and popular legend, the tribute of painting and poetry to Mother of Christ, Mary as the touchstone of religious art, her representation in the Churches, and what Mrs. Meynell called "The Effectual Influence" of a Woman and a Child throughout the history of Christian civilization. In this last chapter she says, beautifully and truly:

> All sorts and conditions of men turned in homage to the two helpless persons of the human race. Even when the Byzantine and early Italian Virgin was figured rigid in her hierarchic enthronement, it was known that her innocence and her simplicity had placed her there, and had set the young Child upon her magnificent knees. No other two, in the history of human art, have so nourisred the sense of generosity and of forbearance in the adult and manly heart of mankind.

Mrs. Meynell's prose was always distinguished. Treating the Virgin Mary as "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," she has wrought a delicate shrine to Her in her devout analysis of Marian legend, literature and worship. The spirit that informs the book is ardently Catholic, the style rich with allusion, noble and serene.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS. By CHARLES S. MACFARLAND. Revell. 1924.

This excellent handbook by the General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will be of especial value to those who are interested in present tendencies in organized religion at home and abroad. It throws a revealing light upon the effort of modern Protestantism with its multiplicity of divisions to consolidate its resources and heal the world's wounds.

Most laymen and even many professional teachers of religion will be surprised to learn how widespread is the coöperation now existing between the churches in various national and international federations, foreign missions, foreign relief, and education. Much thought is being given to the problem of peace and though church leaders have a weakness for mistaking pious resolutions for actual achievement, the discussion of the methods by which a better understanding between nations can be brought about cannot be other than beneficial. In a day when nationalism is receiving a new and perhaps a false emphasis, it is refreshing to learn how many institutions such as the Church Peace Union, the Y. M. C. A., and the International Missionary Council, to give only a few random illustrations, are international in their sympathies and aims.

None can read this book of reference without reaching the conclusion that the church is groping its way toward a wider outlook and trying to practice the ideal of human brotherhood. The value of the volume would have been enhanced by the addition of an index.

MYSTICAL ELEMENTS IN MOHAMMED. By *John Clark Archer*. Yale. $1.50.

THE INTERPLEADER. By *Lewis B. Sawyer*. Kansas City: Franklin Hudson. $1.50.

Travel

TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By B. W. MITCHELL. Macmillan. 1924. $3.00

"Beans" is a word to conjure with. A tradition to the Bostonian, and symbol of the plebeian to the Middle Westerners it becomes the word of life to the sojourner in the wilderness. Mr. Mitchell's book is the saga of beans and the pæan of the Canadian Rockies. More explicitly it is a dissertation upon the trials and whimsies of camp and trail, particularly the delight of food after a hard day's packing, and a setting forth of the wonders of the glacier bound fastnesses of the Canadian North West. In style it is too overlaid with adjective and simile to be truly excellent, but the author has approached his task with such enthusiasm, and there is so much of native interest in his subject, that the book makes very agreeable reading.

GRECIAN ITALY By *Henry James Forman*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

SELECTIONS from the library of Herbert D. Ward of South Berwick, Maine, and from the library formerly owned by Mrs. Florence Webb of Westbury, Long Island, together with other consignments, were sold at the Anderson Galleries December 16 and 17, 598 lots bringing $5,069. These selections contained good editions suitable for the readers library, but only a sprinkling of rarities of interest to collectors. The prices for this kind of material were very good.

A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Audubon (J. J.). "The Birds of America," 7 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, New York, 1859. $190.

Beaumont and Fletcher. "Works," with Notes" and "Bibliographical Memoir" by Dyce, 11 vols., 8vo, calf, London, 1843-46. Best library edition. $38.

Dibdin (T. F.). "A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," 3 vols., royal 8vo, straight-grain morocco, London, 1821. First edition. $52.50.

Gould (John). "A Monograph of the Trochilidae," 5 vols., atlas folio, morocco, London, 1861. With the Baroness Burdett-Coutts bookplate. $135.

Grolier Club. Richard De Bury's "Philibiblon," edited by A. F. West, 3 vols., small 4to, vellum, New York, 1889. $28.

Humphrey (H. N.). "The Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages," atlas folio, morocco by Wright, London, 1849. $45.

"Liber Scriptorum," second book of the Authors Club, folio, morocco, New York, 1921. One of 251 copies, the first to appear at auction. $35.

Willughby (Francis). "Ornithology," folio, calf, London, 1678. Contains the two plates at page 28 usually missing. $67.50.

At the same galleries the library of the late Walton White Evans, New Rochelle, N. Y., and the library of the late John Harper, Bennington, Vt., were sold on December 17 and 18, 617 lots realizing $4,452.50. A few representative lots with prices were the following:

Daniell (T. and W.). "Oriental Scenery," Six parts complete. 3 vols., atlas folio, London, 1795-1808. The two volumes of text are missing. 135.

Huth (Henry). "Catalogue," 5 vols., imperial 8vo, cloth, London, 1880. One of 130 copies. $18.

Maximilian, Prince of Wied. "Travels in the Interior of North America," 2 vols., atlas folio and 4to, half leather, London, 1843-44. One of the most important works ever issued on Western America. With slight imperfections. $100.

Montanus. "America," 2 vols., folio, old calf, London, 1671. $52.50.

Union Pacific Railroad. A collection of early reports and papers on the preliminary surveys, locations and engineering problems of the Union Pacific Railroad, 19 pieces, 8vo, sewn, v. p. 1864-69. $320.

Schoolcraft (H. R.). "History of the Indian Tribes of North America," 6 vols., 4to, Philadelphia, 1853-60. Complete with Vol. VI frequently missing. $95.

"G. D. S."

IN the period beginning with the first session of the Hoe sale in 1911 and ending with the death of George D. Smith in March, 1920, more than one-half of the genuinely rare and valuable books sold at auction in this country were knocked down to "G. D. S." With the death of the great bookseller, in settling his estate, many of the rarities of his bookshop went back to the auction room for dispersal. During the present season the George D. Smith Book Company has been buying heavily of the kind of book stock that made the Smith bookshop famous. Again and again in the Chew sale old auction room attendants had the pleasure of hearing important lots go to "G. D. S." as in days gone by. Collectors and the trade wish the new organization unqualified success.

NEW BOOKMAN'S PUBLICATION

A NEW publication, *The Book Collector's Quarterly*, has just appeared bearing the imprint of Ernest Dressel North, rare book dealer, 4 East Thirty-ninth Street. It is edited by Gertrude W. Ridgway and is well printed on good paper. In a "Proem" the editor says that the "sole intention is to spread the microbe of collecting. It offers no cure. On the contrary, it is intended to work havoc among the impecunious and strengthen the ardor of the rich." The leading article is devoted to "Byron One Hundred Years After" and is followed by short articles on William Harris Arnold and Beverly Chew as collectors. This little periodical is well worth the attention of booklovers and its publisher will undoubtedly send a sample copy to all who care to write for it.

NOTE AND COMMENT

FIRST editions of American authors of the last half of the nineteenth century are finding their way into booksellers' catalogues in increasing numbers," says *The Publishers' Weekly*. "Prices are advancing and apparently the number of collectors are increasing. A few who have had the initiative and good judgment to buy when prices were low will profit by it. The great majority wait for the procession; they like company."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In the introduction to his "catalogue of an Exhibition of One Hundred Famous Books, Ancient and Modern, in First Editions," Ernest Dressel North says: "The American collector is more of a sport than collectors of any other nationalities, he will obtain his library of rare books regardless of cost and he takes intense delight in his books, although he may perhaps miss the joy of discovery, that sudden feeling of exhilaration which comes to the man less endowed with gold, of finding a treasure in a jumble of old rubbish. The general estimate runs that only one book out of five thousand is worth more than waste paper and for the time and expenditure of gathering together these rarities the American will gladly pay and so encourage further research, and the final result is that most of the world's treasures are in the possession of American collectors."

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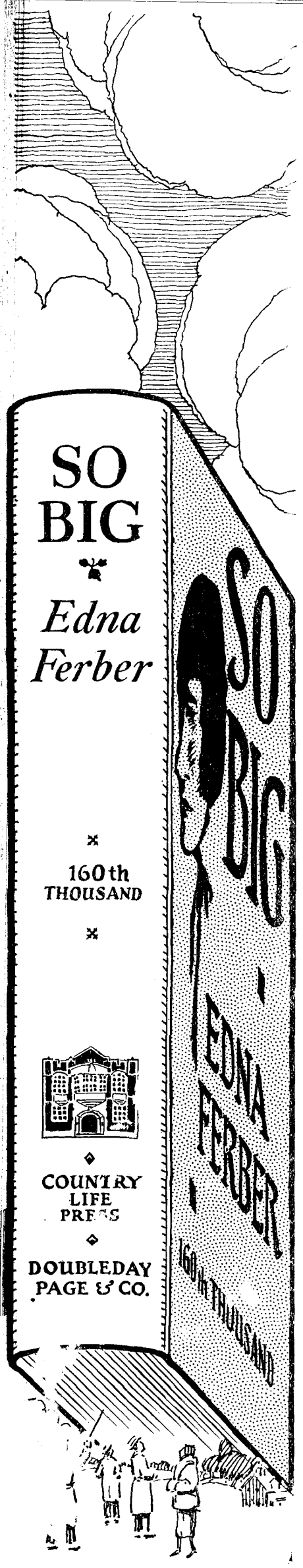

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The Phoenix Nest

TWO weeks ago we had some idle thoughts to air upon clothes and architecture, and now a book has come to our hand that discusses much more thoroughly that which we touched upon. It is "Narcissus: An Anatomy of Clothes," in Dutton's "Today and Tomorrow Series." The author is *Gerald Heard*.

"Man's surroundings," says the jacket of this book, "his clothes, the houses he lives in, the planet he inhabits, are all evolving with man as the modifying agent.

"From this point of view," continues the "blurb," "the author points out the close relation between clothes and architecture . . . showing the connection of different social epochs with their respective fashions and architectures."

We had ventured a hope that a new era of architecture predicating a new era of clothes germane to it might possibly be in the dim gray dawn in America. Mr. Heard's pocket-volume, therefore, excites our interest. In the same series *Haldane* and *Bertrand Russell* have already discussed the future of science in "Daedalus" and "Icarus," and *F. C. S. Schilling*, in "Tantalus," has had some observations to make on the future of man. Yet man is, after all, but a creature of his environment, a creature of his architecture and of his clothes.

Can a philosophy of clothes be framed? It is Mr. Heard's attempt. He calls clothing "the last of the great conventional arts" and argues that the moment it ceased to live as an art we became uncomfortable over the fact and decided to ignore its importance. The thesis he presents is that "evolution is going on no longer in but around man" and clothes are the prime indication of this development—or aberration, as some may call it, of Evolution. It has passed "from the body itself to the body's environs."

With this fundamental hypothesis in mind we pass with him from the pelts and plumage of animals as sexual characteristics to—but here we find it necessary to pause and quote the author's diverting remark that "the dreary notion of a Nature driven to be red in tooth and claw has been largely balanced by the bright vision of a Nature intentionally red, blue, green, and yellow in tail and crest." We pass then, on through "the innate inventiveness of Life," collecting data to support Mr. Heard's hypothesis. And, on the way, we find this writer both scientifically subtle and considerably entertaining.

Man emerges gropingly from the time when he clad himself in other animals' coats and tried house decoration in the caves of Altamira. Architecture subsequently arises with the priest-kings of Mesopotamia. The Minoans come next, the first Captains of the Sea, and Mr. Heard, pondering the vanished physical splendor that made their brazenly beautiful exposure of their bodies the comely thing it was, comes to the conclusion that, in our day, "it is absurd to censure artificiality. Nothing is more natural to us nor becomes us better. It is our forte—more, our *raison d'être*. . . . Why should we be so physically *démodé* any longer?" For the Minoans lived in a constant endeavor "not to be behind the animals"! And their bodies, sinuously bound, reflected the loved spirals of their pillars and vases. They were daring explorers of life, and their extravagances of costume and architecture led them, necessarily, to discover the flush system of drainage!

Then came the Greeks. Since the Minoans have been discovered it is obvious that the Greeks were *fin de siécle, blasé*, avers Mr. Heard. This explains their inconsistencies of temperament. Far from living in the dawn of the world, they leaned heavily upon the mathematical, not the organic, in architecture. The finished Greek temple was artificiality at its highest pitch. The Minoans, because they were ingenuous, enwound themselves to wasp-waistedness in exaggerated fashion. "The Greek deliberately undressed."

As art goes toward Rome, the age of beauty is advanced. Greece itself showed progressive signs of infantilism, turning from the intermediate sex to sexless youth, and finally to an inane exuberance of prize babies, the first froth of putti-cherub senile sentiment.

The Greek became obsessed with the idea of youth. Of life "all save the first quarter they let death overshadow." The Greek was not really inventive. Outsiders, "the half-bred Ionians," did the inventing. As for Rome, "the Roman did much for architecture but did little for costume'.' . . . "Wrapped in the toga like a shroud, the Latin world goes down before the cart-dwelling, bandaged barbarians."

By copious quotation we may have given some idea of the progress of Mr. Heard's argument. His book is rich in observation. He leads one on through the centuries to note, for an instance, the likeness of the skeleton of the sixteenth century to the four centred arch. When men's waists were released and long hair led to wigs, looseness of broad hats and full-bowed shoes reflected extravagance in literature and architecture. Then came the cylinder of industrialism, to evolve "cylindrical man . . . top-hatted, frock-coated, trousered." Today, Mr. Heard, musing upon what we have done to our faces, wonders whether the complexion and the hair will go whither clothes are going and architecture has gone. "Shall we attain a perfect make-up and then change it at will?" Will men at last "step straight out of the dress of today, and, pointing to a house as metallic as Alcinous', say with the projected pride of mother Graccus, 'This is my wardrobe?'"

Well, we must leave it at that. We have touched but briefly upon Mr. Heard's erudite and engaging enquiry. Perhaps, he thinks, motor cars may set the style of future dress. Who knows? We are not now that strength that in old days strove to simulate the really living Minoan figure—with a corset and a bustle. But, that which we are we are, and we ourselves (editorially speaking) still speculate upon a renascence of extravaganza both in clothes and architecture. We seem to see a hint of color in the dim gray dawn.

W. R. B.

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